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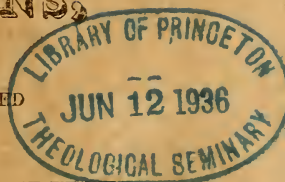
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HYMNS,

COMPOSED



ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY J. HART.

O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things: His right hand, and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory. Psalms xcviij 1.

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FOURTH EDITION,
revised and corrected.

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PREFACE.

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The following Hymns were composed partly from several passages of scripture laid on my heart, or opened to my understanding, from time to time, by the Spirit of God, or else hinted to me by other Christians; (of which latter there are indeed but very few) partly from impressions felt under different frames of spirit at the times when they were respectively written; and partly from spontaneous impulses, or reflections on such subjects as accidentally occurred to my mind. There are also passages interspersed here and there, that were written many years ago on various occasions, and now thought worthy, after a long suppression, of being revived and brought to light; but these likewise are very few.

They were begun almost two years ago; but have been greatly impeded, and often interrupted by disorder and darkness of soul, afflictions and temptations of various kinds, & other hindrances, they are published not only in the same order, but almost in the same *manner* in which they were first written: For though they have

since undergone a cursory revisal, and have been lightly retouched, the alterations I have made in them are neither very numerous nor material.

I desire wholly to submit them, with myself to the all-wise disposal of that God, the enlivening influences of whose Spirit I often felt while they were composing. All I would humbly wish is, that Jesus of *Nazareth*, the mighty God, the friend of sinners, would be pleased to make them, in some measure, (weak and mean as they are) instrumental in setting forth his glory, propagating and enforcing the truths of his gospel, cheering the hearts of his people, and exalting his inestimable righteousness, upon which alone the unworthy author desires to rest the whole of his salvation.

Though the rich displays of God's free, sovereign grace, and electing love to me, the chief of sinners may be seen, by an enlightened eye, in several parts of the compositions; and though one of them in particular (No XXV II. p. 36, entitled *The Author's own Confession*) be written professedly with that view; I shall nevertheless lay hold on the present occasion to make my public acknowledgment of God's unmerited mercy to me, by giving a brief & sum-

PREFACE.

mary account of the great things he hath done for my soul ; I say, a *brief & summary* account; for a minute and circumstantial detail of them would more than fill an ample volume.

I beseech *Almighty* God to make it useful to his children, in making them see by it the riches of his free grace to the worst of men; for which intent it was written. And let those who may be tempted thereby to tempt God, or to backslide, in hopes of being so miraculously reclaimed, consider that the repentance to salvation given to me may not be given to them. I charge them therefore, in the name of God, to beware of any such diabolical delusion; for they who say, let us sin that grace may abound, *their damnation is just.*—And the damnation which men incur by a presumptuous, wilful abuse and contempt of the gospel, is worse than that of *Sodom and Gomorrah: For our God is a consuming fire.*

PREFACE.

AS I had the happiness of being born of believing parents, I imbibed the sound doctrines of the gospel from my infancy ; nor was I without touches of heart, checks of conscience, and melting of affections by the secret strivings of God's Spirit with me while very young : But the impressions were not deep, nor the influences lasting, being frequently defaced and quenched by the vanities and vices of childhood and youth.

About the twenty-first year of my age, I began to be under great anxiety concerning my soul.—The spirit of bondage distressed me sore ; though I endeavored (as I believe most under legal convictions do) to commend myself to God's favor, by amendment of life, virtuous resolutions, moral rectitude, and a strict attendance on religious ordinances. I strove to suc-

due my flesh by fasting and other rigorous acts of penance and mortification; and whenever I was captivated by its lusts (which indeed was often the case) I endeavored to reconcile myself again to God by sorrow for my faults; which, if attended with tears, I hoped would pass as current coin with heaven; and then I judged myself whole again, and to stand on equal terms with my foes, till the next fall; which generally succeeded in a short time.

In this uneasy, restless round of sinning and repenting, working and reading, I went on for above seven years; when a great domestic affliction befalling me, (in which I was a moderate sufferer, but a monstrous sinner,) I began to sink deeper and deeper into conviction of my nature's evil, the deceitfulness and hardness of my heart, the wickedness of my life, the shallowness of my christianity, and the blindness of my devotion. I saw that I was in a dangerous state, and that I must have a better religion than I had yet experienced, before I could with any propriety, call myself a Christian. How did I now long to feel the merits of Christ applied to my soul by the Holy Spirit! How often did I make my strongest effort to call God *my God*! —But, alas! I could no more do this, than I could raise the dead. I found now, by woful experience, that faith was not in my power and the question with me now was, not, whether I *would* be

a Christian or not, but, whether I *might*; not, whether I should repent and believe, but, whether God would give me true repentance and a living faith.

After some weeks passed in this gloomy, dreadful state, the Lord was pleased to comfort me a little, by enabling me to appropriate, in some measure, the merits of the Saviour to my own soul.—This comfort increased for some time; and my understanding was also wonderfully illuminated in reading the holy scriptures; so that I could see Christ in many passages, where before I little imagined to find him; and was encouraged to hope I had an interest in his merits, and the benefits by him procured to his people.

In this blessed state my continuance was but short—for, rushing impetuously into notions beyond my experience, I hasted to make myself a Christian by mere doctrine, adopting other men's opinions before I had tried them, and set up for a great light in religion, disregarding the internal work of grace begun in my soul by the Holy Ghost. This *liberty*, assumed by myself, and not given by Christ, soon grew to *libertanism*, in which I took large progressive strides, and advanced to a dreadful height, both in principle and practice. In a word, I ran such dangerous lengths both of car-

nal and spiritual wickedness, that I even outwent professed infidels, and shocked the irreligious and profane with my horrid blasphemies and impieties. Hardness of heart was, with me, a sign of good confidence carelessness went for trust, empty notions for great faith, a seared conscience for assurance of faith, and rash presumption for Christian courage.

My actions were, in a great measure, conformable to my notions. For having (as I imagined) obtained by Christ a liberty of sinning, I was resolved to make use of it, and thought the more I could sin without remorse, the greater hero I was in faith. A tender conscience I deemed weakness; prayer I left for novices and bigots; and a broken and contrite heart was a thing too low and legal for me to *approve*, much more to *desire*. Not to dwell on particulars, I shall only say (what, tho' shocking to hear, is too true !) that I *committed all uncleanness with greediness*.

In this abominable state I continued, a loose backslider, an audacious apostate, a bold-faced rebel, for nine or ten years, not only committing acts of lewdness myself, but infecting others with the poison of my delusions. I published several pieces on different subjects, chiefly translations of the ancient heathens, to which I prefixed prefaces, and subjoined notes

of a pernicious tendency, and indulged a freedom of thought far unbecoming a Christian.

But God, who is rich in mercy, and whose grace is like himself, almighty, did not altogether give me up to hardness and impenitence. I felt, from time to time, meltings of heart and inward compunction; and had a sacred hope at the bottom, (which often rose above my gross corruptions) that I should not always go on in this abandoned manner, and run as reprobate to final perdition.

About seven or eight years ago, I began by degrees to reform a little, and to live in a more sober and orderly manner. And now as I retained the form of sound words, and held the doctrines of free-grace, justification by faith and other orthodox tenets, I was tolerably confident of the goodness of my state, especially as I could now also add that other requisite, a moral behaviour.—Surely thought I, though I have been so profligate and profane, yet as I am now reclaimed, and am not only sound in principles, but sober and honest in practice, I cannot but be in the right way to the favor of God.

For several years I went on in this easy, cool, smooth, and indolent manner, with a lukewarm, insipid kind of religion, yet not without some secret whispers of God's love, and visitations of his grace, and now and then warm ad-

dresses to him in private prayer. But, alas ! all this while my heart was whole ; the fountains of the great deeps of my sinful nature were not broken up. I was, therefore, conscious that the written word of God was against me, especially those parts of it, that represent the children of God as a poor, afflicted, mourning, broken-hearted people ; of which character I knew myself to be an entire stranger.

My fears, that I was not a child of God, became at length very distressing, which were attended with great infirmity of body. One morning I was waken with intolerable pain, as if balls of fire were burning my reins. Amidst this excruciating torture, which lasted near an hour, one of the first things I thought on was, the pierced side of Jesus, and what pain of body, as well as soul, he underwent. Soon after this trial I was seized in the evening with a cold shivering, which I thought to be the hand of death, and feared that I should soon be in everlasting burnings. In this condition I went to my bed, but dared not close my eyes, even when nature was overcharged, lest I should awake in hell.

While these horrors remained, I used to run backwards and forwards to places of religious worship, especially to the tabernacle in Moor-

field and the chapel in Tottenham court : where I received some comfort, which, though little, was then highly prized, because greatly needed. But in general almost every thing served to condemn me, to make me rue my own backslidings, and envy those children of God, who had continued to walk honestly ever since their first conversion. Notions of religion I wanted no man to teach me ; I had doctrine enough, but found by woful experience, that, dry doctrine, though ever so sound, will not sustain the soul in the day of trial.

In this almost hopeless state I continued until 1757, when I happened to go in the afternoon to the Moravian chapel in Fetter-Lane, where I had been several times before,——The minister preached on these words ; *Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world to try them that dwell upon the earth.* Rev.iii. 10. Though the text, and most of what was said on it, seemed to make greatly against me, yet I listened with much attention, and felt myself deeply impressed by it. When it was over, I thought of hastening to Tottenham Court chapel ; but presently altering my mind, returned to my own house.

I was hardly got, home when I felt myself

melting away into a strange softness of affection, which made me fling myself on my knees before God,—My horrors were immediately dispelled, and such light and comfort flowed into my heart, as no word can paint. The Lord, by his Spirit of love, came not in a visionary manner into my brain, but with such divine power and energy into my soul, that I was lost in blissful amazement. I cried out, “What me, Lord?” His Spirit answered in me *Yes, thee*. I objected. “But I have been so unspeakably vile and wicked.”—The answer was; *I pardon thee fully and freely. Thy own goodness* (for I had now set about a thorough amendment, if peradventure I might be spared,) *cannot save thee, nor shall thy wickedness damn thee. I undertake to work all thy works in thee and for thee, and to bring thee safely through.* The alteration I then felt in my soul was sudden and palpable as that which is experienced by a person staggering, and almost sinking under a burden, when it is immediately taken from his shoulders. Tears ran in streams from my eyes for a considerable while, and I was swallowed up in joy and thankfulness. I threw my soul willingly into my Saviour’s hands; lay weeping at his feet, wholly resigned to his will, and only begging that I might, if he was graciously pleased

to permit it, be of some service to his church and people.

Thenceforth I enjoyed great peace of mind, and had such clear and frequent manifestations of his love to me, that I longed for no other heaven. My horrors were banished, and have not, I think, returned since with equal violence. And though I can see little signs, as yet, of his granting my request concerning usefulness;* though I am very barren of good, and full of evil; though I have many sore trials and temptations in my soul; yet it pleases the Lord to reveal himself in me, to open the mysteries of his cross, and give me to trust in his precious blood.

Not long after this my—shall I call it *re-conversion*? I was terribly infested with thoughts so monstrously obscene and blasphemous, that they cannot be spoken, nor so much as hinted, and, I believe, such as hardly ever entered into the heart of any other man; though I am sensible that most of God's children are sometimes attacked in like manner: But mine were foul and black beyond example, and seemed to be the master pieces of hell. They haunted me some months; and used to make me weep bitterly, and cry earnestly to God to remove

* This was written before the authors's preparation for the gospel ministry.

them, which at last he was pleased to do, in a great measure; though they would often be returning still, like intruding visitants, but are not permitted to come with much power. In short, I feel myself now as poor, and weak, as helpless and dependent as ever; but now my weakness is my greatest strength; I *now* rejoice, though I rejoice with trembling.

I soon began to be visited by God's Spirit in a different manner from whatever I had felt before. I had constant communion with him in prayer.—His sufferings, his wounds, his agonies of soul, were imprest upon me in an amazing manner. I now believed my name was sculptured deep in the Lord Jesus' breast, with characters never to be erased. I saw him with the eye of faith, stooping under the load of my sins; groaning and groveling in Gethsemane for me. The incarnate God was more and more revealed to me; and I had far other notions of his sufferings than I had entertained before. Now I saw that the grief of Christ was the grief of my Maker; that his wounds were the wounds of the Almighty God; and the least drop of his blood now appeared to me more valuable than ten thousands of worlds. As I had before thought his sufferings *too little*, they now appeared to me to be *too great*; and I often cried out, in transports of

blissfull astonishment, "Lord, 'tis too much, 'tis too much; surely my soul was not worth so great a price." I had also such a spirit of sympathetic love to the Lord Jesus given me, that after I had left off to sorrow for *myself*, for some months I grieved and mourned bitterly for *him*. I looked on him whom I had pierced and felt such sharp compunction, mixt at the same time with so much compassion, that the pain and pleasure I experienced, are much better felt than exprest.

But Christ and he crucified, is now the only thing I desire to know. In that incarnate mystery are contained all the rich treasures of divine wisdom. This is the mark towards which I am still pressing forward. This is the cup of salvation, of which I wish to drink deeper and deeper. This is the knowlege, in which I long to grow; and desire at the same time a daily increase in all true grace and godliness. All duties, means, ordinances, &c. are to me then only rich, when they are enriched with the blood of the Lamb; in comparison of which, all things else are but chaff and husks.

Pharisaic Zeal, and Antimonian Security, are the two engines of Satan, with which he grinds the church in all ages, as betwixt the upper and the nether millstone. The space

between them is much narrower and harder to find than most men imagine. It is a path which the vulture's eye hath not seen; and none can shew it us but the Holy Ghost. Here, let no one trust the directions of his own heart, or of any other man; lest by being warned to shun the one, he be dashed against the other. The distinction is too fine for us to discern: therefore, let the christian ask direction of his God. These two hideous monsters continually worry and perplex my soul: Nor is the *former*, though appearing in a holier shape, one less, but (if possible) more odious to me than the *latter*. Therefore, from the wonderful dealings of God towards me, I endeavor to draw the following observations.

On the one hand, I would observe; That it is not of *him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God which sheweth mercy*—That none can make a Christian, but he that made the world. That it is the glory of God to bring good from evil—That, whom he loveth, he loveth unto the end—That, though all men seek, more or less, to recommend themselves to God's favor by their works, yet, *to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness*—That the blood of the Redeemer, applied to the soul by his Spirit, is the one thing need-

ful—That prayer is the task and labor of a Pharisee; but the privilege and delight of a Christian—That God grants not the request of his people, because they pray; but they pray, because he designs to answer their petitions—That self-righteousness, and legal holiness, rather keep the soul *from* than draw it *to* Christ—That they who seek salvation by them, pursue shadows, mistake the great end of the law, and err from the *way*, the *truth* and the *life*—That God's design is to glorify his Son alone, and to debase the excellency of every creature—That no righteousness besides the the righteousness of Jesus, (that is, the righteousness of God) is of any avail towards acceptance—That to be a moral man, a zealous man, a devout man, is very short of being a Christian—That the eye of faith looks more to the blood of Jesus, than to the soul's victory over corruptions—That the dealings of God with his people though similar in the general, are nevertheless so various, that there is no chalking out the path of one child of God by those of another; no laying down regular plans of christian conversion, christian experience, christian usefulness, or christian conversation—That the will of God is the only standard of right and good—That the sprinkling of the blood of a crucified Saviour on the

conscience, by the Holy Ghost sanctifies a man; without which the most abstemious life, and rigorous discipline, is unholy—Lastly, That faith and holiness, with every other blessing, are the purchase of the Redeemer's blood; and that he has a right to bestow them on whom he will, in such a manner and in such a measure, as he thinks best; though the spirit in all men lusteth to envy.

On the other hand, I would observe: that it is not so easy to be a Christian as some men seem to think—That for a *living* soul really to trust in Christ alone, when he sees nothing in himself but evil and sin, is an act as supernatural as for Peter to walk the sea—That, mere doctrine, though ever so sound, will not alter the heart; consequently, that to turn from one set of tenets to another, is not Christian conversion—That as much as Lazarus coming out of his grave and feeling himself restored to life, differed from those who only saw the miracle, or believed the fact when told them; so great is the difference between a soul's really coming out of himself, and having the righteousness of Christ imputed to him by the precious faith of God's elect, & a man's bare believing the doctrine of imputed righteousness, because he sees it contained in scripture, or assenting to the truth of it when proposed

to his understanding by others—That a whole-hearted disciple can have but little communion with a broken-hearted Lord—That *if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his*—That a prayerless spirit, is not the spirit of Christ; but that prayer to a Christian, is as necessary and as natural as food to a natural man—That the usual way of going to heaven, is through great tribulation—That the sinner which is drawn to Christ, is not he that has *learnt* that he is a sinner by head-knowledge, but that feels himself such by heart contrition—That he that believeth, hath an unction from the Holy One—That a true Christian is as vitally united to Christ, as my hand or foot to my body; consequently suffers and rejoices with him—That a believer talks and converses with God—That a dead faith can no more cherish the soul, than a dead corpse can perform the functions of life—That where there is true faith, there will be obedience and the fear of God—That he that lives by the faith of the Son of God, eateth his flesh and drinketh his blood—That *he that hath the Son, hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life*—That many imagine themselves great believers, who have little or no true faith at all; and many, who deem themselves void of faith, cleave to Christ by the faith of the ope-

ration of God—That faith, like gold, must be tried in the fire, before it can be depended on—Lastly, that Christians are sealed by the Holy Ghost to the day of redemption: and to this seal they trust their eternal welfare, not to naked knowledge, or speculative notions, though ever so deep. They dread to dream they are rich, when they are blind and poor; to have a name to live, and yet be dead; or to be forced to fly for precarious refuge to the conjectural scheme of universal salvation, with those who hope to be saved, because they think there will be none lost.

For my own part, I confess myself a sinner still: and though I am not much tempted to outward gross acts of iniquity, yet inward corruptions & spiritual wickedness, continually harrass and perplex my soul, and often make me cry out, *O wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this death!*—From me they are not yet removed; though I once hoped, with many others, that I should soon get rid of them. All I can do is to look to Jesus through them all; cling fast to his wounded side; long to be clothed with his righteousness; pray him to plead my cause against these spiritual enemies that rise up against me; and, though I feel myself leprous from head to foot, believe that I am clean through the word which he hath

spoken unto me. In short, I rejoice, not because the spirits are always subject to me, (for alas! I find they are often too strong for me to control,) but because my name is witten in heaven.

I am daily more and more convinced, that the promises of God to *his people*, are absolute; and desire to build my hopes on the free electing love of God in Christ Jesus to my soul, before the world began; which, I can experimentally and feelingly say, hath delivered me from *the lowest hell*. He hath plucked me as a brand out of the fire. Though my ways were dreadfully dangerous to the last degree, his eye was all along upon me for good. He hath excited me to love much, by forgiving me much. He hath shewed me, and still daily shows me the abominable deceit, lust, enmity, and pride of my heart, and the inconceivable depths of his mercy; how far I was fallen, and how much it cost him of sweat and blood to bring me up.—He hath proved himself stronger than I and his goodness superior to all my unworthiness. He gives me to *know* and to *feel* too, that without him I can do nothing. Though an enemy, he calls me his friend; though a traitor, his child; though a beggared prodigal, he clothes me with *the best robe*, and has put a ring of endless love and mercy on my hand. And though I am often sorely distressed

by spiritual internal foes, afflicted, tormented, and bowed down almost to death, with the sense of my own present barrenness, ingratitude, and proneness to evil; he secretly shews me his bleeding wounds; but softly and powerfully, whispers to my soul, "I am thy great salvation."

His free distinguishing grace is the bottom on which is fixt the rest of my poor, weary, tempted soul. On this I ground my hope, oftentimes when unsupported by any other evidence, save only by the spirit of adoption received from him. He hath chosen me out from everlasting, in whom to make known the inexhaustible riches of his free grace and long-suffering. Though I am a stranger to others, and a wonder to myself; yet I know him, or rather am known of him. Though poor in myself, I am rich enough in him. When my dry, empty, barren soul is parched with thirst, he kindly bids me come to him and drink my fill at the fountain-head. In a word, he empowers me to say, with experimental evidence, *where sin abounded, grace did much more abound* Amen and Amen.

April 1759.

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April 1759.



HYMNS.

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HYMN 1. L. M.

On the Passion.

- 1 COME all ye chosen saints of God,
That long to feel the cleansing blood
In pensive pleasure join with me,
To sing of sad *Gethsemane*.
- 2 *Gethsemane, the Olive Press !*
(And why so call'd, let Christians guess.)
Fit name ! fit place ! where vengeance
 strove
And grip'd and grappled hard with love.
- 3 Twas here the Lord of life appear'd,
And sigh'd and groan'd, and pray'd, and
 fear'd ;
Bore all incarnate God could bear,
With strength enough ; and none to spare.
- 4 The power of hell united press'd,
And squeez'd his heart, and bruis'd his breast.
What dreadful conflicts rag'd within,
When sweat and blood forc'd thro' the skin !
- 5 Dispatch'd from heaven an angel stood,
Amaz'd to find him bath'd in blood !
Ador'd by angels and obey'd
But lower now than angels made.

- 6 He stood to strengthen, not to fight,
Justice exacts its utmost mite.
This victim, vengeance will pursue :
He undertook, and must go through.
- 7 Three favor'd servants, left not far,
Were bid to wait and watch the war :
But Christ withdrawn, what watch we
keep!
To shun the sight, they sunk in sleep.
- 8 Backwards and forwards thrice he ran,
As if he sought some help from man ;
Or wish'd, at least, they would condole
('Twas all they could) his tortur'd soul.
- 9 Whate'er he sought for, there was none,
Our Captain fought the field alone :
'Soon as the chief to battle led,
That moment every soldier fled.
- 10 Mysterious conflict ! dark disguise !
Hid from all creatures' peering eyes :
Angels astonish'd, view'd the scene,
And wonder'd yet what all could mean.
- 11 O Mount of Olives, sacred grove !
O garden, scene of tragic love !
What bitter herbs thy beds produce !
How rank their scent ! how harsh their
juice !

- 12 Rare virtues now these herbs contain ;
The Saviour suck'd out all their bane.
My mouth with these if conscience cram,
I'll eat them with the Pascal Lamb.
- 13 O Kedron, gloomy brook, how foul,
Thy black polluted waters roll !
No tongue can tell (but some can taste)
The filth that into thee was cast.
- 14 In Eden's garden there was food
Of every kind for man, while good ;
But banish'd thence, we fly to thee,
O garden of Gethsemane.

PART 2.

- 1 And why dear Saviour, tell me why,
Thou thus wouldst suffer, bleed, and die ?
What mighty motive could thee move ?
The motive's plain, 'twas all for love.
- 2 For love of whom ? Of sinners base,
A harden'd herd, a rebel race
That mock'd and trampled on thy blood,
And wanton'd with the wounds of God.
- 3 When rocks and mountains rent with dread,
And gaping graves gave up their dead ;
When the fair sun withdrew his light,
And hid his head to shun the sight.

- 4 Then stood the wretch of human race,
And rais'd his head, and shew'd his face;
Gaz'd unconcern'd when nature fail'd,
And scoff'd, and sneer'd, and curs'd, and
rail'd.
- 5 Harder than rocks and mountains are,
More dull than dirt and earth by far.
Man view'd unmov'd thy blood's rich stream,
Nor ever dream'd it flow'd for him.
- 6 Such was that race of sinful men,
That gain'd that great salvation then,
Such and such only, still we see,
Such they were all: and such are we.
- 7 The Jews with thorns his temples crown'd,
And lash'd him when his hands were bound;
But thorns, and knotted whips, and bands,
By us were furnish'd to their hands.
- 8 They nail'd him to the accursed tree.
They did, my brethren, so did *we*.
The soldier pierc'd his side, 'tis true,
But we have pierc'd him through and
through.
- 9 O love, of unexampled kind!
That leaves all thought so far behind:

HYMN 2.

5

Where length, and breadth, and depth, and
height,
Are lost to my astonish'd sight.

10 For love of me the Son of God
Drain'd every drop of vital blood ;
Long time I after idols ran ;
But now my God's a martyr'd man.

HYMN 2. L. M.

Unsettledness.

- 1 LORD, what a riddle is my soul !
Alive when wounded, dead when whole.
Fondly I flee from pain ; yet ease
Cannot content, nor pleasure please.
- 2 Thou hid'st thy face ; my sins abound,
World, flesh, and Satan, all surround :
Fain would I find my God, but fear
The means, perhaps, may prove severe.
- 3 If thou the least displeasure shew,
And bring my vileness to my view ;
Timorous and weak I shrink and say,
"Lord keep thy chastening hand away."
- 4 If reconcil'd I see thy face,
Thy matchless mercy, boundless grace,

Tortur'd with bliss, I cry, "Remove
 "That killing sight ; I die with love."

- 5 My dear Redeemer, purge this dross,
 Teach me to hug and love the cross.
 Teach me thy chastening to sustain.
 Discern the love, and bear the pain.
- 6 Nor spare to make me clearly see
 The sorrows thou hast felt for me ;
 If death must follow, I comply :
 Let me be sick with love and die.

HYMN 3. C. M.

The doubting Christian.

- 1 If unbelief's that sin accurst,
 Abhorr'd by God above,
 Because of all opposers worst,
 It fights against his love :
- 2 How shall a heart that doubts like mine,
 Dismay'd at every breath,
 Pretend to live the life divine ;
 Or fight the fight of faith ?

3 Conscience accuses from within,
And others from without;
I feel my soul the sink of sin
And this produces doubt.

4 When thousand sins of various dyes,
Corruptions dark and foul,
Daily within my bosom rise,
And blackened all my soul.

5 I groan, and grieve, and cry, and call
On Jesus for relief,
But that delay'd, to doubting fall,
Of all my sins the chief.

6 Such dire disorders vex my soul,
That ill engenders ill:
And when my heart I feel so foul,
I make it fouler still.

7 In this distress, the course I take
Is, still to call and pray;
And wait the time, when Christ shall
speak,
And drive my foes away.

8 For that blest hour I sigh and pant,
With wishes warm and strong:
But dearest Lord, lest these should faint,
Oh! do not tarry long.

HYMN 4. S. M.

To the Holy Ghost.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.
- 2 Cheer up desponding hearts,
Thou heav'nly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breast the flames
Of never-dying love.
- 5 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood,
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 5 Shew us that loving man,
That rules the courts of bliss:
The Lord of Hosts, the mighty God,
Th' eternal Prince of Peace.
- 6 'Til thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,

To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

- 7 If thou, celestial dove,
Thine influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall,
To conscience, wrath, and law !
- 8 No longer burns our love ;
Our faith and patience fail ;
Our sin revives ; and death and hell,
Our feeble souls assail.
- 9 Dwell therefore in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

HYMN 5. C. M.

The same.

- 1 Blest Spirit of truth, eternal God,
Thou meek and lowly dove,
Who fill'st the soul, thro' Jesu's blood,
With faith, and hope, and love :
- 2 Who comfortest the heavy heart,
By sin and sorrow prest ;
Who to the dead canst life impart,
And to the weary, rest.

- 3 Thy sweet communion charms the soul;
And gives true peace and joy,
Which Satan's power cannot control,
Nor all his wiles destroy.
- 4 Come from the blissful realms above,
Our longing breasts inspire,
With thy soft flames of heavenly love,
And fan the sacred fire.
- 5 Let no false comfort lift us up,
To confidence that's vain:
Nor let their faith and courage droop,
For whom the Lamb was slain.
- 6 Breathe comfort, where distress abounds,
Make the whole conscience clean;
And heal with balm from Jesus' wounds,
The festering sores of sin.
- 7 Vanquish our lusts, our pride remove;
Take out the heart of stone.
Shew us the Father's boundless love,
And merits of the Son.
- 8 The Father for the Son to die,
The willing Son obey'd;
The witness thou, to ratify
The purchase Christ has made.

HYMN 6. C. M.

Christ very God and Man.

- 1 A Man there is, a real Man,
With Wounds still gaping wide,
(From which, rich streams of blood once ran)
In hands, and feet, and side.
- 2 (Tis no wild fancy of our brains,
No metaphor we speak :
The same dear Man in Heav'n now reigns,
That suffered for our sake.)
- 3 This wonderous Man of whom we tell,
Is true Almighty God.
He brought our souls from Death and Hell
The price, his own heart's blood.
- 4 That human heart he still retains.
Though throned in highest bliss ;
And feels each tempted member's pains :
For our affliction's his.
- 5 Come then, repenting sinner, come ;
Approach with humble faith :
Owe what thou wilt, the total sum
Is cancelled by his death.
- 6 His Blood can cleanse the blackest soul ;
And wash our guilt away.

He shall present us sound and whole
In that tremendous day.

HYMN 7. C. M.

Salvation by Christ alone.

- 1 How can ye hope, deluded souls,
To see, what none e'er saw,
Salvation by the works obtain'd
Of Sinai's fiery law ?
- 2 There ye may toil, and weep, and fast;
And vex your heart with pain ;
And when ye've ended, find at last
That all your toil was vain.
- 3 That Law but makes your guilt abound,
Sad help ! and (what is worse)
All souls, that under that are found,
By God himself are curst.
- 4 This curse pertains to those who break
One precept e'er so small.
And where's the man, in thought or deed,
That has not broken all ?
- 5 Fly then, awakened sinners, fly,
Your case admits no stay ;

The fountain's open'd now for sin,
Come, wash your guilt away.

6 See how from Jesus' wounded side
The water flows, and blood!
If you but touch that purple tide,
You make your peace with God.

7 Only by faith in Jesus' wounds
The sinner gets release:
No other sacrifice for sin
Will God accept but this.

HYMN 9. C. M.

Of Sanctification.

1 THE Holy Ghost in Scripture saith
Expressly in one part,
(Speaking by Peter's mouth)* By faith
"God purifies the heart."

2 Now what in holy writ he says.
In part, or through the whole.
The self-same truths by various ways,
He teaches in the soul.

3 Experience likewise tells us this
Before the Saviour's blood
Has wash'd us clean, and made our peace,
We can do nothing good.

* Acts xv. 9.

- 4 But here, my friends the danger lies:
Errors of different kind
Will still creep in; which devils devise
To cheat the human mind.
- 5 "I want no work within, (says one)
" 'Tis all in Christ the head."
Thus careless he goes blindly on,
And trusts in faith that's dead.
- 6 " 'Tis dangerous (another cries)
" To trust to faith alone;
" Christ's righteousness will not suffice
Except I add my own. "
- 7 Thus he, that he may something do
To shun the impending curse,
Upon the old, will patch the new,
And makes the rent still worse.
- 8 Others affirm the Spirit of God,
To true believers given,
Makes all their thoughts and acts of good
They're always fit for Heaven.
- 9 The babe of Christ, at hearing this,
Is filled with anxious fear;
Conscience condemns, corruptions rise,
And drive him near despair.

- 10 These trials weaklings suffer here,
Censure and scorn without ;
And from within (what's worse to bear)
Despondency and doubt.
- 11 But, gracious God, who once didst feel
What weakness is, and fears ;
Who got'st thy victory over hell
With groans and cries, and tears
- 12 Do thou direct our feeble heart,
To trust thee for the *whole* ;
The work of grace, in all its parts
Accomplish in the soul.
- 13 Thy holy Spirit into us breathe
A perfect Saviour prove.
Lord, give us faith ; and let that faith
Work all thy will by love.

HYMN 10. S. M.

The enlightened Sinner.

- 1 My God, when I reflect,
How all my life-time past,
I ran the roads of sin and death
With rash impetuous haste ;
- 2 My foolishness I hate ,
My filthiness I loath,
And view, with sharp remorse and shame,
My filth and folly both.

- 3 With some the tempter takes
Much pains to make them mad ;
But me he found, and always held,
The easiest fool he had.
- 4 His deep and dangerous lies
So grossly I believed,
He was not readier to deceive,
Than I to be deceiv'd.
- 5 His light and airy dreams
I took for solid good ;
And thought his base adult'rate coin
The riches of thy blood.
- 6 And dost thou still regard,
And cast a gracious eye
On one so foul, so base, so blind,
So dead, so lost, as I ?
- 7 Then sinners, black as hell,
May hence for hope have ground,
For who of mercy needs despair
Since I have mercy found ?

HMLN 11. 7's

Jesus our All.

- 1 Jesus is the chiefest good,
He has saved us by his blood.

Let us value nought but him ;
Nothing else deserves esteem.

2 Jesus, when stern Justice, said
" Man his life has forfeited,
" Vengeance follows by decree,"
Cry'd " Inflict it all on me."

3 Jesus gives us life and peace,
Faith, and love, and holiness ;
Every blessing, great or small,
Jesus for us purchased all.

4 Jesus therefore let us own.
Jesus we'll exalt alone.
Jesus has our sins forgiven.
Jesus' blood has bought us Heaven.

HYMN 12. C. M.

Christ's Nativity.

- 1 COME, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your grateful tribute bring ;
And celebrate, with one accord,
The birth-day of our king.
- 2 Let us with humble hearts repair,
(Faith will point out the road)
To little Bethlehem ; and there
Adore our infant God.

- 3 In swaddling bands the Saviour view !
 Let none this weakness scorn ;
 The feeblest heart shall hell subdue,
 Where Jesus Christ is born.
- 4 No pomp adorns, no sweets perfume,
 The place where Christ is laid.
 A stable serves him for his room ;
 A manger is his bed.
- 5 The crowded inn, like sinner's hearts,
 (O ignorance extreme !)
 For other guests of various sorts
 Had room ; but none for him.
- 6 But see what different thoughts arise
 In our's and angel's breasts :
 To hail his birth *they* left the skies ;
We lodg'd him with the beasts.
- 7 Yet let believers cease their fears,
 Nor envy heavenly powers ;
 If sinless innocence be *theirs*.
 Redemption all is *ours*.

HYMN 13. 7's 5's.

The same.

- 1 How blest is the season,
 At which we appear !

Bow down, sense and reason,
Faith only reigns here.
'Tis hard by mere nature
With coldness or scorn,
That God our creator
An infant was born.

2 Lost souls to recover
And form them afresh,
Our wonderful lover
Took flesh of our flesh :
Then let each dull dreamer
Awake to this morn,
And hail the Redeemer
At Bethlehem born.

3 Ye drunkards, ye swearers,
Ye muckworms of earth,
Repent, and be sharers
In this blessed birth.
From sin to release us,
That yoke so long worn,
The holy child Jesus
Of Mary was born.

4 Opposers, transgressors,
Of every degree,
And formal professors,
The worst of the three,
With tears of contrition

Your foolishness mourn ;
To give you remission
Immanuel's born.

5 Ye vilest of creatures,
Backsliders so base,
Bold rebels and traitors,
Abusers of grace,
Come, cease your backslidings,
And once more return :
Receive the glad tidings,
A Saviour is born,

6 Poor sinners dejected,
Of comfort debarr'd,
Whose hearts are afflicted
Because they're so hard,
Despairing of favor,
Cold, lifeless, forlorn !
Remember the Saviour
In *winter* was born.

7 And ye that sincerely
Confide in the Lamb,
(He loves you most dearly)
Rejoice in his name.
No more the believer
From God shall be torn ;
To hold him for ever
An infant is born.

HYMN 14. 3's 7's.

The same.

- 1 LET us all with grateful praises
Celebrate the happy day,
When the lovely, loving Jesus
First partook of human clay :
When the heavenly host assembled,
Gaz'd with wonder from the sky :
Angels joy'd and devils trembled,
Neither fully knowing why.
- 2 Long had satan reign'd imperious ;
Till the woman's promis'd seed,
Born a babe by birth mysterious,
Came to bruise the serpent's head.
Crush, dear babe, his pow'r within us,
Break our chains, and set us free.
Pull down all the bars between us,
'Till we fly, and cleave to thee.
- 3 Shepherds on their flocks attending,
Shepherds that in night-time watch'd,
Saw the messenger descending
From the court of heav'n despatch'd.
Beams of glory deck'd his mission,
Bursting through the veil of night.
Fear possess'd them at the vision :
Sinners tremble at the light.
- 4 Dove-like meekness grac'd his visage ;
Joy and love shone round his head.
- Soon he cheer'd them with his message :

Comfort flow'd from all he said.
 "Fear not, fav'rites of th' Almighty,
 "Joyful news to you I bring.
 "You have now, in David's city,
 "Born, a Saviour, Christ the King.

- 5 "Go and find the royal stranger
 "By these signs. A babe you'll see,
 "Weak, and lying in a manger,
 "Wrapt and swaddled ; that is he."
 Strait a host of angels glorious
 Round the heav'nly herald throng,
 Utt'ring, in harmonious chorus,
 Airs divine ; and this the Song—
- 6 "Glory first to God be given
 "In the highest heights ; and then
 "Peace on earth, proclaim'd by heaven,
 "Peace, and great good will to men."
 Thus they sang with rapture kindling
 In the shepherds hearts a flame,
 Joy and wonder sweetly mingling:
All believers feel the same.
- 7 Lo, sweet babe, we fall before thee.
 Jesus, thee we all adore.
 To thee, kingdom, pow'r, and glory,
 We ascribe for evermore.
*Glory to our God be given
 In the highest heights ; and then
 Peace on earth brought down from heaven,
 Peace, and great good will to men.*

HYMN 15. C M.

Tribulation.

- 1 The souls that would to Jesus press,
Must fix this firm and sure ;
That tribulation, more or less,
They must and shall endure.
- 2 From this there can be none exempt ;
'Tis God's own wise decree.
Satan the weakest saint will tempt ;
Nor is the strongest free.
- 3 The world opposes from without ;
And unbelief within.
We fear ; we faint ; we grieve ; we doubt ;
And feel the load of sin.
- 4 Glad frames too often lift us up ;
And then how proud we grow !
'Till sad desertion makes us droop ;
And down we sink as low.
- 5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,
To catch the wand'ring heart ;
And seldom do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.
- 6 But let not all this terrify,
Pursue the narrow path ;
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,
And fight with hell by faith.

- 7 Tho' we are feeble, Christ is strong :
His promises are true.
We shall be conqu'rors all ere long ;
And more than conqu'rors too.

HYMN 16. H. M.

The New-Year's Day.

- 1 ONCE more the constant sun,
Revolving round his sphere,
His steady course has run,
And brings another year.
He rises, sets,
But goes not back ;
Nor ever quits
His destin'd track.
- 2 Hence let believers learn
To keep a forward pace ;
Be this our main concern,
To finish well our race.
Backslidings shun ;
With patience press
Towards the sun
Of righteousness.
- 3 What now shall be our task ?
Or rather what our prayer ?
What good thing shall we ask,
To prosper this new year ?
With one accord
Our hearts we'll lift

And ask our Lord
Some New-Year's gift.

- 4 No trifling gift or small,
Should friends of Christ desire :
Rich Lord bestow on all
Pure gold, well tried by fire ;
Faith that stands fast,
When devils roar ;
And love that lasts
For evermore.

HYMN 17.

Christ the believer's all.

- 1 LAMB of God, we fall before the
Humbly trusting in thy cross :
That alone be all our glory ;
All things else are dung and dross.
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only source of all that's good :
Every grace, and every favor,
Comes to us through Jesu's blood.
- 2 Jesus gives true repentance,
By his Spirit sent from heaven,
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,
" Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n."
Faith he gives us to believe it ;
Grateful hearts his love to prize :
Want we wisdom ? He must give it
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.
- 3 Jesus gives us pure affections ;
Wills to do what he requires :

Makes us follow his directions;
 And what he commands, inspires,
 All our prayers, and all our praises,
 Rightly offer'd in his name,
 He that dictates them is Jesus:
 He that answers, is the same.

- 7 When we live on Jesu's merit,
 Then we worship God aright;
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Then we savingly unite.
 Hear the whole conclusion of it:
 Great or good, whate'er we call,
 God, or King, or Priest, or Phrophet,
 Jesus Christ is all in all.

HYMN 18. 7's & 6's.

Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean
 Matth. viii. 2.

- 1 On! the pangs by Christians felt,
 When their eyes are open;
 When they see the gulphs of guilt,
 They must wade and grope in;
 When the hell appears within,
 Causing bitter anguish;
 And the loathsome stench of sin
 Makes the spirits languish.
- 2 Now the heart disclos'd betrays
 All it's hid disorders;

Enmity to God's right ways.
Blasphemies and murders,
Malice, envy, lust, and pride,
Thought obscene and filthy;
Sores corrupt and putrify'd;
No part sound'or healthy.

3 All things to promote our fall
Shew a mighty fitness:
Satan will accuse withal,
And the conscience witness.
Foes within and foes without,
Wrath, and law, and terrors,
Rash presumption, timid doubt.
Coldness, deadness, errors!

4 Brethren, in a state so sad,
When temptations seize'us,
When our hearts we feel thus bad,
Let us look to Jesus.
He that hung upon the cross,
For his people bleeding,
Now in heaven sits for us,
Always interceding.

5 Vengeance, when the Saviour cried,
Quitted the believers.
Justice cried, "I'm satisfied,
"Now henceforth for ever.
It is finish'd, said the Lord,
In his dying minutes:

Holy Ghost, repeat that word ;
Full salvation's in it.

- 6 Leprous soul, press thro' the crowd,
In thy foul condition ;
Struggle hard, and call aloud
On the great physician.
Wait till thy disease he cleanse,
Begging, trusting, cleaving ;
When and where, and by what means,
To his wisdom leaving.

HYMN 19. 5's & 6's.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

- 1 THO' strait be the way
With dangers beset ;
And we thro' delay
Are no farther yet.
Our good Guide and Saviour
Hath helped thus far ;
And 'tis by his favour
We are what we are.
- 2 A favour so great
We highly should prize ;
Not murmur, nor fret,
Nor small things despise.
But what call we small things
Sin's whole cancell'd sum ?
'Tis greater than all things—
Except those to come.

My brethren, reflect
On what we have been ;
How God had respect
To us under sin.
When lower and lower
We ev'ry day fell,
He stretch'd forth his power,
And snatch'd us from hell.

4 Then let us rejoice,
And cheerfully sing
With heart and with voice,
To Jesus our King ;
Who thus far has brought us
From evil to good ;
The ransom that bought us
No less than his blood.

5 For blessings like these
So bounteously giv'n,
For prospects of peace,
And foretastes of heav'n.
'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant
To sing and adore ;
Be thankful for present
And then ask for more.

HYMN 20. 6's 8's.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.

1 AND must it, Lord be so ?
And must thy children bear

Such various kinds of woe,
Such soul-perplexing fear?
Are these the blessings we expect?
Is this the lot of God's elect?

- 2 Daily we groan and mourn,
Beneath the weight of sin,
We pray to be new-born,
But know not what we mean :
We think it something very great
Something that's undiscover'd yet.

Boast not, ye sons of earth,
Nor look with scornful eyes :
Above your highest mirth
Our saddest hours we prize.
For tho' our cup seems fill'd with gall,
There's something secret sweetens all.

- 3 How harsh soe'er the way,
Dear Saviour, still lead on;
Nor leave us, till we say,
"Father thy will be done."
At most we do but taste the cup,
For thou alone hast drunk it up.

- 5 Shall guilty man complain?
Shall sinful dust repine?
And what is all our pain,
How light, compared with thine?
Finish, dear Lord, what is begun :
Choose thou the way, but still lead on.

HYMN 21. 7's & 6's.

Election.

- 1 WHEN we pray, or when we sing,
Or read, or speak, or hear,
Or do any holy thing,
Be this our constant care :
With a fixt habitual faith,
Jesus Christ to keep in view,
Trusting wholly in his death
In all we ask or do.
- 2 Holiness in all its parts,
Affections plac'd above,
Self-abhorrence, contrite hearts,
Humility and love.
Ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
All that bears the name of good,
Perseverance in our race,
We draw from Jesus' blood.
- 4 Lamb of God, in thee we trust,
On that fixt love depend;
Thou art faithful, true, and just,
And lovest to the end.
Heav'n and earth shall pass away ;
But thy word shall firm abide :
That's thy children's steadfast stay,
When all things fail beside.

HYMN 22. L. M.

The Wonders of redeeming love.

- 1 How wondrous are the works of God,
 Displayed through all the world abroad !
 Immensely great ! Immensely small !
 Yet one strange work exceeds them all.
- 2 He form'd the sun, far fount of light ;
 The moon and stars to rule the night :
 But night, and 'stars, and moon, and sun,
 Are little works compar'd with one.
- 3 He roll'd the seas, and spread the skies ;
 Made vallies sink, and mountains rise ;
 The meadows cloath'd with native green ;
 And bid the rivers glide between.
- 4 But what are seas. or skies or hills,
 Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,
 To wonders man was born to prove,
 The wonders of redeeming love !
- 5 'Tis far beyond what words express,
 What saints can feel or angels guess,
 Angels, that hymn the great I AM,
 Fall down and veil before the Lamb.
- 6 The highest heav'ns are short of this ;
 'Tis deeper than the vast abyss ;
 'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive,
 Or hope expect, or faith believe.
- 7 Almighty God sigh'd human breath,
 The Lord of life experienc'd death !

How it was done, we can't discuss
But this we know, 'twas done for us,

- 3 Blest with this faith then let us raise
Our hearts in love, our voice in praise :
All things to us must work for good,
For whom the Lord hath shed his blood.

Trials may press of ev'ry sort ;
They may be sore, they must be short.
We now *believe*, but soon shall *view*,
The greatest glories God can shew.

HYMN 23. 7's & 4's.

Whom resist, stedfast in the Faith. 1 Pet. v. 9.

- 1 In all our worst afflictions,
When furious foes surround us ;
When troubles vex,
And fears perplex,
And Satan would confound us :
When foes to God and goodness
We find ourselves by feeling,
Unable quite
To do what's right,
And almost as unwilling.
- 2 When, like the restless ocean,
Our hearts cast up uncleanness,
Flood after flood,
With mire and mud ;
And all is foul within us ;
When love is cold and languid,
And diff'rent passions shake us

When hope decays
 And God delays,
 And seems to quite forsake us :

- 3 Then to maintain the battle
 With soldier like behaviour,
 To keep the field,
 And never yield,
 But firmly eye the Saviour ;
 To trust his gracious promise,
 Thus hard beset with evil ;
 This, this is faith,
 Will conquer death.
 And overcome the devil

HYMN 24 7's & 6's.

Cleaving to Christ.

- 1 BRETHREN, let us praise our Lord ;
 Exalt his blessed name :
 Let us hear, and keep his word ;
 His glory be our aim.
 Let us resolutely strive
 To work God's work with full intent,
 And what is it? To believe
 On him whom he hath sent.
- 7 Faith implanted from above,
 Will prove a fertile root ;
 Whence will spring a tree of love,
 Producing precious fruit.
 Tho' bleak winds the boughs deface,
 The rooted stock shall still remain

Leaves may languish, fruit decrease;
 But more shall grow again.

- 3 Happy souls! who cleave to Christ,
 By pure and living faith,
 Finding him their king and priest,
 Their God and guide till death.
 God's own foe may plague his son;
 Sin may distress, but not subdue.
 Christ who conquer'd for us once,
 Will in us conquer too.

HYMN 25. 7's & 6's.

A Dialogue Between a Believer and his Soul.

- 1 Bel. COME, my soul, and let us try,
 For a little season,
 Ev'ry burden to lay by,
 Come and let us reason,
 What is this that casts thee down?
 Who are those that grieve thee?
 Speak, and let the worst be known
 Speaking may relieve thee.
- 2 Soul. *Oh! I sink beneath the load
 Of my nature's evil;
 Full of enmity to God;
 Captiv'd by the Devil :
 Restless as the troubled sea ;
 Feeble, faint, and fearful
 Plagu'd with ev'ry sore disease,
 How can I be cheerful?*

3 Bel. Think on what thy Saviour bore,
In the gloomy garden
Sweating blood at ev'ry pore,
To procure thy pardon.
See him stretched upon the wood
Bleeding, grieving, crying;
Suff'ring all the wrath of God;
Groaning, gasping, dying!

4 Soul *This by faith I sometimes view;
And those views relieve me
But my sins return anew;
These are they that grieve me:
Oh! I'm leprous, stinking, foul,
Quite throughout infected
Have not I, if any soul,
Cause to be dejected?*

5 Bel. Think how loud thy dying Lord
Cry'd out, "*It is finish'd*"
Treasure up that sacred word
Whole and undiminish'd.
Doubt not; he will carry on,
To its full perfection,
That good work he has begun,
Why then this dejection?

6 Soul. *Faith, when void of works is dead
This the scriptures witness:
And what have I to plead,
Who am all unfitness?*

*All my powers are deprav'd,
Blind, perverse and filthy;
If from Death I'm fully sav'd,
Why am I not healthy?*

*Bel. Pore not on thyself too long,
Lest it sink thee lower.
Look to Jesus kind as strong,
Mercy join'd with power.
Ev'ry work that thou must do
Will thy gracious Saviour
For thee work, and in thee too,
Of his special favor.*

*Soul. Jesu's precious blood once spilt,
I depend on solely,
To release and clear my guilt,
But I would be holy.*

*Bel. He that hath bought thee on the cross
Can control thy nature,
Fully purge away thy dross,
Make thee a new creature.*

*Soul. That he can, I nothing doubt,
Be it but his pleasure.*

*Bel. Though it be not done throughout,
May it not in measure.*

*Soul. When that measure, far from great,
Still shall seem decreasing—*

*Bel. Faint not then; but pray, and wait,
Never, never ceasing.*

- 10 Soul. *What when pray'r meets no regard?*
 Bel. Still repeat it often.
 Soul. *But I feel so hard—*
 Bel. Jesus will thee soften.
 Soul. *But my enemies make head.*
 Bel. Let them closer drive thee.
 Soul. *But I'm cold, I'm dark, I'm dead.*
 Bel. Jesus will revive thee.

HYMN 26. C. M.

Christ the believer's surety.

- 1 **WHAT** slavish fears molest my mind,
 And vex my sickly soul?
 How is it, Lord, that thou art kind,
 And yet I am not whole?
- 2 *Ah!* why should unbelief and pride,
 With all her hellish train,
 Still in my ransom'd soul abide,
 And give me all this pain?
- 3 Thy word is past, thy promise made;
 With power it came from heav'n.
 "Cheer up desponding soul (it said)
 "Thy sins are all forgiv'n.
- 4 "Behold I make thy cause my own;
 "I bought thee with my blood:
 "Thy *wicked* works on me be thrown,
 "And I will work thy *good*.

- 5 "I am thy God, thy guide 'till death,
"Thine everlasting friend :
"On me for love, for works, for faith,
"On me for all depend."
- 6 Thy blood dear Lord, has bought my peace,
And paid the heavy debt ;
Has giv'n a fair and full release,
But I'm in prison yet.
- 7 Unjustly now these foes of mine
Their dev'lish hate pursue :
They made my surety pay the fine,
Yet plague the pris'ner too.
- 8 What right can my tormentors plead,
That I should not be free ?
Here's an amazing change indeed !
Justice is now for *me*.
- 9 Lord, break these bars that thus confine,
These chains that gall me so.
Say to that ugly gaoler, sin,
Loose him, and let him go.

HYMN 27. S.M.

The narrow Way.

PART I.

- 1 WIDE is the gate of death ;
The way is large and broad,

And many enter in thereat,
And walk that beaten road.

2 Because the gate of life
Is narrow, low, and small;
The path so prest, so close, so strait,
There seems no path at all.

3 This way, that's found by few,
Ten thousand snares beset,
To turn the seeker's steps aside,
And trap the trav'ler's feet.

4 Before we've journey'd far,
Two dang'rous gulphs are fixt
Dead sloth, and pharisaic pride,
Scarce a hair's breadth betwixt.

5 False lights delude the eyes,
And lead the steps astray:
That trav'ler treads the surest here,
That seldom sees his way.

6 Guides cry, lo here! lo there!
On this, on that side keep.
Some over-drive; some frighten back;
And others lull to sleep.

7 On the left hand, and right
Close cragged rocks are seen,
Distrust, and self-wrought confidence:
'Tis hard to squeeze between.

- 8 Sometimes we seem to gain
Great lengths of ground by day,
But find, alas! when night comes on,
We quite mistook the way.
- 9 Sometimes we have no strength;
Sometimes we want the will;
And sometimes, lest we might go wrong,
We choose to stand quite still.
- 10 Again, through heedless haste,
We catch some dang'rous fall,
Then fearing we may move too fast,
We hardly move at all.
- 11 Deep quagmires choke the way,
Corruptions foul and thick!
Whose stench infects the air, and makes
The strongest trav'ler sick.
- 12 Through these we long must wade;
And oft stick fast in mire.
Now heat consumes; now frost benumbs
As dang'rous as the fire.
- 13 Spectres of various forms
Allure, enchant, affright,
Presumption tempts us ev'ry day;
Despair assaults by night.
- 14 Companions if we find,
Alas! how soon they're gone!

For 'tis decreed that most must pass
The darkest paths alone.

15 Distrest on ev'ry side
With evils felt or fear'd,
We pray, we cry, but cannot find
That prayers or cries are heard.

16 Thickets of briars and thorns
Our feeble feet enclose ;
And ev'ry step we take betrays
New dangers, and new foes.

17 When all these foes are quell'd,
And ev'ry danger cast ;
That ghastly phantom death remains,
To combat with at last.

Part II. S. M.

1 If this be, Lord, thy way,
Then who can hope to gain
That prize such numbers never seek,
Such numbers seek in vain ?

2 'Tis thine almighty grace,
That can suffice alone ;
Thou giv'st us strength to run the race,
And then bestow'st the crown.

3 Cheer up, ye trav'ling souls,
On Jesus' aid rely :

He sees us when we see not him,
And always hears our cry.

4 Without cessation pray,
Your pray'rs will not prove vain;
Our *Joseph* turns aside to weep,
But cannot long refrain.

5 Sudden he stands confest—
We look, and all is light;
The foe confounded, swift as thought
Sneaks off, and skulks from sight.

6 His presence clears the foul,
And smooths the rugged way;
He often makes the crooked strait,
And turns the night to day.

7 We then move cheerful on,
The ground feels firm and good;
And least we should mistake the way,
He lines it out with blood.

8 Again we cannot see
His helping hand—but feel:
And though we neither feel nor see,
His hand sustains us still.

He gently leads us on—
Protects from fatal harms;
And when we faint, and cannot walk,
He bears us in his arms.

- 10 He guides and moves our steps ;
 For tho' *we* seem to move,
 His Spirit all the motion gives
 By springs of fear and love.
- 11 The meek with love he draws,
 Restrains the rash by fear ;
 Searches and finds the wand'ring out,
 And brings the distant near.
- 12 When for a time we stop,
 Perplex and at a loss,
 He like a beacon on a hill
 Erects his bloody cross.
- 13 Forward again we press,
 And while that mark's in view,
 Tho' hosts of foes beset the way,
 We boldly venture thro'.
- When all those foes are quell'd,
 And ev'ry danger past :
 Tho' death remains, he but remains
 To be subdu'd the last.

HYMN 28. C.M.

To the Holy Gost.

- 1 DESCEND from heaven, celestial dove,
 With flames of pure seraphic love,
 Our ravish'd breasts inspire ;
 Fountain of joy, blest Paraclete,

Warm our cold hearts with heavenly heat,
And set our souls on fire.

2 Breathe on these bones, so dry and dead;
Thy sweetest, softest influence shed,
In all our hearts abroad.

Point out the place where grace abounds;
Direct us to the bleeding wounds
Of our incarnate God.

3 Conduct, blest guide, thy sinner-train
To Calv'ry where the Lamb was slain;
And with us there abide.

Let us our lov'd Redeemer meet,
Weep o'er his pierced hands and feet,
And view his wounded side.

4 From which pure fountain if thou draw
Water to quench the fiery law,
And blood to purge our sin,

We'll tell the Father in that day'
(And thou shalt witness what we say)
"We're clean, just God, we're clean.

5 Teach us for what to pray, and how;
And since, kind God, 'tis only thou

The throne of grace can move,
Pray thou for us that we, through faith,
May feel the effects of Jesu's death,
Through faith that works by love.

- 6 Thou, with the Father and the Son,
 Art that mysterious three in one,
 God blest for evermore;
 Whom though we cannot comprehend,
 Feeling thou art the sinner's friend,
 We love thee, and adore.

HYMN 29. 11's & 9's.

The Paradox.

- 1 HOW strange is the course that a Christian
 must steer?
 How perplext is the path he must tread?
 The hope of his happiness rises from fear;
 And his life he receives from the head.
- 2 His fairest pretensions must wholly be wav'd,
 And his best resolutions crost:
 Nor can he expect to be perfectly sav'd,
 'Till he finds himself utterly lost.
- 3 When all this is done, and his heart is assur'd
 Of the total remission of sins:
 When his pardon is sign'd, and peace is procur'd
 From that moment his conflict begins.

HYMN 30. L.M.

THE AUTHOR'S OWN CONFESSION.

- 1 COME hither, ye that fear the Lord,
Disciples of God's suff'ring Son ;
Let me relate, and you record,
What he for my poor soul has done.
- 2 The way of truth I quickly miss'd,
And further stray'd, and further still .
Expected to be sav'd by Christ,
But to be holy had no will.
- 3 The road of death with rash career
I ran—and gloried in my shame ;
Abus'd his grace, despised his fear,
And others taught to do the same.
- 4 Far, far from home on husks I fed,
Puff'd up with each fantastic whim,
With swine a beastly life I led,
And serv'd God's foe instead of him.

A forward fool, a willing drudge,
I acted for the prince of hell :
Did all he bid without a grudge,
And boasted I could sin so well.

- 6 Bold blasphemies employed my tongue,
I heeded not my heart unclean,
Lost all regard of right or wrong,
In thought, in word, in act, obscene.
- 7 My body was with lust defil'd,
My soul I pamper'd up in pride:
Could sit and hear the Lord revil'd,
The Saviour of mankind deny'd.
- 8 I strove to make my flesh decay
With foul disease, and wasting pain:
I strove to fling my soul away,
And damn my soul—but strove in vain.
- 9 The Lord, from whom I long backslid,
First check'd me with some gentle stings;
'Turned on me, look'd, and softly chid,
And bid me hope for greater things.
- 10 Soon to his bar he made me come,
Arraign'd, convicted, cast, I stood,
Expecting from his mouth the doom
Of those, who trample on his blood.

- 11 Pangs of remorse my conscience tore.
Hell open'd hideous to my view,
And what I only heard before,
I found by sad experience true.
- 12 Oh! what a dismal state was this—
What horrors shook my feeble frame!
But, brethren, surely you can guess:
For you, perhaps, have felt the same.
- 13 But O the goodness of our God!
What pity melts his tender heart!
He saw me welt'ring in my blood
And came, and eas'd me of my smart.
- 14 While I was yet a great way off,
He ran, and on my neck he fell.
My short distress he judg'd enough,
And snatch'd me from the brink of hell.
- 15 What an amazing change was here!
I look'd for hell—he brought me heaven.
Cheer up, said he dismiss thy fear—
Cheer up, thy sins are all forgiv'n.
- 16 I would object—but faster much
He answer'd peace. What me?—*yes thee?*
But my enormous crimes are such—
I give thee pardon full and free!
- 17 But for future, Lord—I am
Thy great salvation—perfect, whole,

*Behold thy bad works shall not damn
Nor can thy good works save thy soul*

18 *Renounce them both. Myself alone
Will for thee work, and in thee too,
Henceforth I make thy cause my own,
And undertake to bring thee through:*

19 He said, I took the full release,
The Lord had sign'd it with his blood.
My horrors fled, and perfect peace
And joy unspeakable ensu'd.

20 I only begg'd one humble boon;
(Nor did the Lord offended seem)
Some service might by me be done
To souls that trust in him.

21 Thus I, who lately had been cast,
And fear'd a just but heavy doom,
Receiv'd a pardon for the past,
A promise for the time to come.

22 This promise oft I call to mind
As thro' some painful paths I go,
And secret consolation find,
And strength to fight with ev'ry foe.

23 And oft times, when the tempter fly
Affirms it fancied, forg'd or vain,
Jesus appears. disproves the lie,
And kindly makes it o'er again.

HYMN 28. C.M.

Corruptions.

- 1 The Lord assur'd the chosen race,
From *Egypt's* bondage brought,
They should obtain the promis'd place,
And find the rest they sought.
- 2 Strong nations now possess the land,
Yet yield not thou to doubt ;
With arm out stretch'd, and mighty hand,
Thy God shall drive them out.
- 4 Not all at once—for fear thou find
The rav'nous beasts of prey
Rising upon them from behind,
As dang'rous foes as they.
- 4 By little, and by little, he
Will chase them from thy sight.
Believers are not call'd we see,
To sleep or play, but fight.
- 5 Spiritual pride, that rampant beast,
Would rear its haughty head :
True faith would soon be dispossess,
And carelessness succeed.
- 6 Corruptions make the mourners shun
Presumption's dangerous snare ;
Force us to trust to Christ alone,
And fly to God by prayer.

- 7 By them we feel how low we're lost,
And learn in some degree,
How dear that great salvation cost,
Which comes to us so free.
- 8 If such a weight to every soul
Of sin and sorrow fall;
What love was that which took the whole
And freely bore it all!
- 9 O, when will God our joy complete,
And make an end of sin!
When shall we walk the land, and meet
No Canaanite therein?
- 10 Will this precede the day of death?
Or must we wait till then?
Ye struggling souls, be strong in faith,
And quit yourselves like men.
- 11 Our dear deliverer's love is such,
He cannot long delay.
Mean time that foe can't boast of much,
Who makes us watch and pray.

HYMN 30. S.M.

Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.

Exod. xiv. 13.

- 1 Oh ! what a narrow, path
Is that which leads to life !
Some talk, of works, and some of faith,
With warmth, and zeal, and strife.
- 2 But after all that's said or done,
Let men think what they will,
The strength of every tempted son
Consists in standing still.
- 3 "Stand still ? says one, that's sure,
" 'Tis what I always do"
Deluded soul, be not secure:
This is not meant to you.
- 4 Not driv'n by fear, nor drawn by love,
Nor yet by duty led,
Lie still you do ; and never move,
For who can move, that's *dead* ?
- 5 But for a *living* soul to stand,
By thousand dangers scar'd,
And feel destruction close at hand,
Oh ! this indeed is hard.

- 6 To shun this danger, others run
To hide they know not where:
Or though they fight, no victory' wou;
They only beat the air.
- 7 He that believes, the scripture says,
Shall not confus'dly haste:
Thus danger threats both him that stays,
And him that runs too fast,
- 8 Haste grasps at all; but nothing keeps;
Sloth is a dangerous state:
And he that flies, and he that sleeps,
Cannot be said to wait.
- 9 Lord, let thy Spirit prompt us when
To go, and when to stay;
Attract us with the cords of men,
And we shall not delay.
- 10 Give power and will; and then command,
And we will follow thee:
And when we're frightened, bid us stand,
And thy salvation see.

HYMN 31. 8's & 6's.

The Sabbath.

- 1 God thus commanded Jacob's seed,
When, from Egyptian bondage freed,
He led them by the way.
Remember with a mighty hand
I brought thee forth from Pharaoh's land—
Then keep my Sabbath-day.
- 2 In six days, God made heaven and earth;
Gave all the various creatures birth:
And from his working ceas'd.
These days to labor he applied;
The seventh bless'd and sanctified,
And call'd the day of rest.
- 3 To all God's people now remains
A *Sabbatism*, a rest from pains
And works of slavish kind.
When tir'd with toil, and faint through fear,
The child of God can enter here,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 To this by faith he oft retreats.
Bondage and labor quite forgets,
And bids his cares adieu

Slides softly into promis'd rest,
 Reclines his head on Jesus' breast,
 And proves the Sabbath true.

- 5 This, and this only, is the way
 To rightly keep that Sabbath day,
 Which God has holy made.
 All keepers, that come short of this,
 The substance of the Sabbath miss;
 And grasp an empty shade.

HYMN 32. L. M.

Who hath despised the day of small things?
 Zechar. iv. 10.

- 1 THE Lord that made both heav'n and earth,
 And was himself made man,
 Lay in the womb, before his birth,
 Contracted to a span ;
- 2 Matur'd by time, 'till forth he came
 A babe like others seen,
 As small in size, and weak of frame,
 As babes have always been.
- 3 From thence he grew an infant mild,
 By fair and due degrees ;
 And then became a bigger child,
 And sat on *Mary's* knees.
- 4 At first held up, for want of strength ;
 In time alone he ran :
 Then grew a boy ; a lad ; at length
 A youth ; at last a man.

- 5 Thus Souls that would to Heav'n attain,
Must *Jacob's* Ladder climb ;
And step by step the summit gain,
In measure, and in time.
- 6 Let not the strong the weak despise ;
Their Faith, though small, is true ;
Though low they seem' in others eyes
Their Saviour seem'd so too.
- 7 Nor meanly of the tempted think :
For, O what tongue can tell,
How low the Lord of life must sink,
Before he vanquish'd hell !
- 8 The least believer is a saint,
And if our growth be slow,
We should not therefore tire and faint,
Since Christ himself could grow.
- 9 As in the days of flesh he grew,
In wisdom, stature, grace :
So in the soul, that's born anew,
He keeps a gradual pace.
- 10 No less, Almighty at his birth,
Than on his throne supreme :
His shoulders held up Heav'n and earth,
When *Mary* held up Him.

HYMN 34. C. M.

Good Friday.

- 1 OH ! what a sad and doleful night
 Preceded that day's morn !
When darkness seiz'd the Lord of light ;
 And sin by Christ was borne !
- 2 When our intolerable load
 Upon his soul was laid ;
And the vindictive wrath of God
 Flam'd furious on his head !
- 3 We in our conqu'ror well may boast ;
 For none, but God alone,
Can know how dear the vict'ry cost,
 How hardly it was won.
- 4 Forth from the garden, fully tried,
 Our bruised champion came,
To suffer what remain'd beside
 Of pain, and grief, and shame.
- 5 Mock'd, spit upon, and crown'd with thorn,
 A spectacle he stood ;
His back with scourges lash'd and torn,
 A victim bath'd in blood !
- 6 Nail'd to the cross through hands and feet
 He hung in open view.
To make his sorrows quite complete,
 By God deserted too.

- 7 Thro' nature's works the woes he felt
With soft infection ran :
The hardest things could break or melt,
Except the heart of man.
- 8 This day before thee, Lord, we come ;
Oh ! melt our hearts, or break :
For should we now continue dumb,
The very stones would speak.
- 9 True, thou hast paid the heavy debt ;
And made believers clean :
But he knows nothing of it yet,
Who is not griev'd at sin.
- 10 A faithful friend of grief partakes,
But union can be none
Betwixt a *heart of melting wax*,*
And hearts as hard as stone ;
- 11 Betwixt a head diffusing blood,
And members sound and whole ;
Betwixt an agonizing God,
And an unfeeling soul.
- 12 Lord my long'd happiness is full
When I can go with thee
To Golgotha : the place of skull
Is heaven on earth to me.

* Psalm xxii. 14.

HYMN 35. C.P.M.

The same.

- 1 THAT day when Christ was crucified,
 The mighty God Jehovah died
 An ignominious death.
 He that would keep this solemn day
 (And true disciples safely may)
 Must keep it firm in faith.
- 2 For tho' the mournful tragedy
 May call up tears in every eye;
 Yet brethren rest not here.
 Would you condole your dying friend?
 Let each into his soul descend,
 And find his Saviour there.
- 3 This only can our hearts assure,
 And make our outward worship pure,
 In God's all-searching sight.
 When all we do with love is mixt,
 And stedfast faith on Jesus fixt,
 My brethren, then we're right.

HYMN 36. 7's & 6's.

The same.

- 1 COME, poor sinners, come away;
 In meditation sweet,
 Let us go to Golgotha.
 And kiss our Saviour's feet.
 Let us in his wounded side
 Wash, 'till we every whit are clean;

That's the fountain open'd wide
For filthiness and sin.

- 2 Zion's mourners cease your fear ;
For lo ! the dying Lamb
Utterly forbids despair
To all that love his name.
Him your fellow-sufferer see ;
He was in all things like to you
Are you tempted ? So was he.
Deserted ? He was too.

- 3 Jesus, our Redeemer, shed
For us his vital blood.
We, through our victorious Head,
Can now come near to God.
Sin and sorrow may distress,
But neither shall us quite control :
Christ has purchas'd holiness
For every sin-sick soul.

HYMN 37. C. M.

Perseverance.

- 1 THE sinner that by precious faith
Has felt his sins forgiven,
Is from that moment pass'd from death,
And seal'd an heir of heaven.
- 2 Tho' thousand snares enclose his feet,
Not one shall hold him fast.

Whatever dangers he may meet,
He shall get safe at last.

3 Not as the world the Saviour gives,
He is no fickle friend ;
Whom once he loves, he never leaves,
But loves him to the end.

4 The Spir't that would this truth withstand,
Would pull God's temple down,
Wrest Jesus sceptre from his hand,
And spoil him of his crown.

5 Satan might then full victory boast ;
The church might wholly fall
If one believer may be lost,
It follows, so may all.

6 But Christ in every age has prov'd
His purchase firm and true,
If this foundation be remov'd,
What shall the righteous do ?

7 Brethren by this your claim abide,
This title to your bliss ;
Whatever loss you bear beside,
O ! never give up this.

HYMN 38. L. P. M.

Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.

- 1 WHEN Adam by transgression fell,
And conscious fled his Maker's face,
Link'd in clandestine league with hell,
He ruin'd all his future race.
The sœds of evil once brought in,
Increas'd, and fill'd the world with sin.
- 2 This lurking leaven ferments the mass,
All nature's sick ; creation's spoil'd ;
Each sin infected sire, alas !
Begets a sin-infected child.
Thus propagation spreads, the curse
And man, born bad, grows worse and worse.
- 3 But lo, the second Adam came,
The serpent's subtle head to bruise,
He cancels his malicious claim,
And disappoints his devilish views ;
Ransoms poor pris'ners with his blood,
And brings the sinner back to God.
- 4 To understand these terms aright,
This grand distinction should be known :
Tho' all are sinners in God's sight,
There are but few so in *their own*.
To such as these our Lord was sent :
They're only sinners, who repent.

- 5 What comfort can a saviour bring
 To those who never felt their woe?
 A sinner is a sacred thing;
 The Holy Ghost has made him so.
 New life from him we must receive,
 Before for sin we rightly grieve.
- 6 Let the self-righteous hence beware,
 Lest he this great salvation scorn.
 Let every careless soul take care;
 For they that laugh shall one day mourn.
 High-flying lights learn hence to stoop;
 Dry knowledge only puffs men up.
- 7 This faithful saying let us own,
 (Well worthy 'tis to be believ'd)
 That Christ into the world came down,
 That *sinner*s might by him be sav'd.
*Sinner*s are high in his esteem;
 And sinners highly value him.

HYMN 39. 7's.

The sinner's hope.

- 1 COME ye humble sinner-train,
 Souls for whom the Lamb was slain,
 Cheerful let us raise our voice:
 We have reason to rejoice.
 Let us sing, with saints in heav'n,
 Life restor'd, and sins forgiv'n.
 Glory and eternal laud
 Be to our incarnate God.

- 2 Now look up with faith, and see
 Him that bled for you and me,
 Seated on his glorious throne,
 Interceding for his own.
 What can Christians have to fear
 When they view their Saviour there !
 Hell is vanquish'd, heav'n appeas'd ;
 God is reconcil'd and pleas'd.
- 3 Snares and dangers may beset,
 For we are but trav'lers yet
 As the way indeed is hard,
 Let us keep a constant guard ;
 Neither lifted up with air,
 Nor dejected to despair :
 Alway keeping Christ in view ;
 He will bring us safely through.

HYMN 39. 7's.

The world by wisdom knew not God.

- 1 O ye sons of men be wise ;
 Trust no longer dreams and lies,
 Out of Christ, Almighty power
 Can do nothing but devour.
- 2 God you say is good. 'Tis true ;
 But he's pure and holy too :
 Just and jealous is his ire,
 Burning with vindictive fire.

- 3 This of old himself declar'd:
Israel trembled when they heard;
But the proof of proofs indeed
Is, he sent his Son to bleed.
- 4 When the blessed Jesus died,
God was clearly justified:
Sin to pardon without blood,
Never in his nature stood.
- 5 Worship God then in his Son:
There he's love, and there alone.
Think not that he will or may
Pardon any other way.
- 6 See the suff'ring Son of God,
Panting! groaning! sweating blood!
Brethren, this had never been,
Had not God detested sin.
- 7 Be his mercy therefore sought
In the way himself has taught.
There his clemency is such,
We can never trust too much.
- 8 He that better knows than we,
Bids us all to Jesus flee.
Humbly take him at his word,
And your souls shall bless the Lord.

HYMN 41. 7's

*Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my
sorrow. Lam. i. 12.*

- 1 Much we talk of Jesus' blood,
But how little's understood !
Of his suff'rings, so intense,
Angels have no perfect sense.
Who can rightly comprehend
Their beginning or their end !
'Tis to God, and God alone,
That their weight is fully known.
- 2 O thou hideous monster, sin,
What a curse hast thou brought in !
All creation groans thro' thee,
Pregnant cause of misery !
Thou hast ruin'd wretched man,
Even since the world began
Thou hast God afflicted too ;
Nothing less than that would do.
- 3 Would we then rejoice indeed ;
Be it that from thee we're freed.
And our justice cause to grieve
Is, that thou wilt to us cleave.
Faith relieves us from thy guilt :
But we think whose blood was spilt.
All we hear, or feel, or see,
Serves to raise our hate to thee.

- 4 Dearly are we bought ; for God
 Bought us with his own heart's blood :
 Boundless depths of love divine ?
 Jesus, what a love was thine !
 Tho' the wonders thou hast done
 Are as yet so little known ;
 Here we fix and comfort take ;
 Jesus died for sinners's sake.

HYMN 42. 7's & 5's

Election.

- 1 BRETHREN, would you know your stay,
 What it is supports you still ?
 Why, tho' tempted every day,
 Yet you stand ; and stand you will ?
 Long before our birth,
 Nay, before Jehovah laid
 The foundations of the earth,
 We were chosen in our Head.
- 2 God's election is the ground
 Of our hope to persevere.
 On this rock your building found :
 And preserve your title clear.
Infidels may laugh ;
Pharisees gainsay, or rail :
 Here's your tenure (keep it safe)
 God's elect can never fail.

HYMN 43. C. M.

Create in me a clean heart. Psalm li. 10.

- 1 LORD, when thy Spir't descends to shew
The badness of our hearts,
Astonish'd at th' amazing view,
The soul with horror starts.
- 2 The dungeon opening foul as hell,
It's loathsome stench emits ;
And brooding in each secret cell
Some hideous monster sits.
- 3 Swarms of ill thoughts their bane diffuse,
Proud, envious, false, unclean ;
And every ransack'd corner shews
Some unsuspected sin.
- 4 Our stagg'ring faith gives way to doubt ;
Our courage yields to fear ;
Shock'd at the sight, we strait cry out,
" Can ever God dwell here ?"
- 5 But he that shews can purge the filth
Of each polluted soul ;
Restore the putrid parts to health,
And purify the whole.
- 6 None less than God's Almighty Son
Can move such loads of sin :
The water from his side must run
To wash this dungeon clean.

- 7 O come, thou much expected guest,
Lord Jesus, quickly come.
Enter the chamber of my breast:
Thyself prepare the room.
- 8 For shouldst thou stay, till thou canst meet
Reception worthy thee
With sinners thou wouldst never sit—
At least (I'm sure) with me.
- 9 When, when will that blest time arrive,
When thou wilt kindly deign
With me to set, to lodge, to live;
And never part again?

HYMN 45. C. M.

Whitsunday.

- 1 THE soul that with sincere desires
Seeks after Jesus' love,
That soul the Holy Ghost inspires
With breathings from above.
- 2 Not ev'ry one, in like degree,
The spirit of God receives:
The Christian often cannot see
His faith, and yet believes.
- 3 So gentle sometimes is the flame;
That, if we take not heed,
We may unkindly quench the same:
We may, my friend, indeed.

- 4 Blest God, that once in fiery tongues
Cam'st down in open view,
Come, visit ev'ry heart that longs
To entertain thee too.
- 5 And tho' not like a mighty wind,
Nor with a rushing noise;
May we thy calmer comforts find,
And hear thy still small voice.
- 6 Not for the gift of tongues we pray,
Nor pow'r the sick to heal :
Give wisdom to direct our way,
And strength to do thy will.
- 7 We pray to be renew'd within,
And reconcil'd to God ;
To have our conscience wash'd from sin
In the Redeemer's blood.
- 8 We pray to have our faith increas'd,
And, O celestial Dove!
We pray to be completely blest
With that rich blessing, love.

HYMN 46.

Hymn and Doxology to the Trinity.

- 1 To comprehend the great Three-One
Is more than highest angels can ;
Or what the Trinity has done
From death and hell to ransom man.

- 2 But all true Christians this may boast
(A truth from nature never learn'd)
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To save our souls are all concern'd.
- 3 The Father's love in this we find—
He made his Son our sacrifice.
The Son in love his life resign'd,
The spirit of love his blood applies.
- 4 Thus we the Trinity can praise
In unity, thro' Christ our King;
Our grateful hearts and voices raise
In faith and love, while thus we sing.
- 5 Glory to God the Father be,
Because he sent his Son to die.
Glory to God the Son, that he
Did with such willingness comply.
- 6 Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
Who to our hearts this love reveals.
Thus God Three-One to sinners lost
Salvation *sends, procures, and seals,*

HYMN 48. L. M.

*Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word
shall not pass away. Matt. xxiv. 35.*

- 1 THE moon and stars shall loose their light,
The sun shall sink in endless night;
Both heav'n and earth shall pass away,
The works of nature all decay:

- 2 But they that in the Lord confide,
And shelter in his wounded side:
Shall see the danger overpast—
Stand ev'ry storm, and live at last.
- 3 What Christ has said *must be* fulfill'd—
On this firm rock believers build;
His word shall stand, his truth prevail,
And not one jot or tittle fail.
- 4 His word is this (poor sinners, hear)
“Believe on me, and banish fear:
“Cease from your own works, bad or good,
“And wash your garments in my blood.”

HYMN 49. L. M.

The rainbow. Isa. liv. 9.

- 1 When deaf to ev'ry warning giv'n,
Man brav'd the patient pow'r of heav'n;
Great in his anger God arose,
Delug'd the world, and drown'd his foes.
- 2 Vengeance that call'd for this just doom,
Retired to make sweet mercy room:
God of his wrath repenting, swore,
A flood should drown the earth no more.
- 3 That future ages this might know,
He plac'd in heav'n his radiant bow;
The sign, till time itself shall fail,
That waters shall no more prevail.

- 4 The beauties of this bow but shine
To vulgar eyes as something fine :
Others investigate their cause
By mediums drawn from nature's laws.
- 5 But what great ends can man pursue
From schemes like these suppose them true
Describe the form, the cause define,
The rainbow still remains a sign :
- 6 A sign, in which by faith we read
The cov'nant God with Noah made ;
A noble end, as truly great :
But something greater lies there yet.
- 7 This bow, that beams with vivid light,
Presents a sign to Christians' sight,
That God has sworn (who dares condemn
" He will no more be wroth with them."
- 8 Thus the believer, when he views
The rainbow in its various hues,
May say : " Those lively colours shine
" To shew that heav'n is surely mine.
- 9 " See in yon cloud what tinctures glow,
" And gild the smiling vales below !
" So smiles my cheerful soul to see
" My God is reconcil'd to me."

HYMN 50. S.M.

Charity never faileth. 1 Cor. xiii. 8.

- 1 FAITH in the bleeding Lamb,
O what a gift is this !
Hope of salvation in his name,
How comfortable 'tis !
- 2 *Knowledge* of what is right ;
How is God reconcil'd,
A foe receiv'd a favorite,
An alien made a child.
- 3 Blessings, my friends, like these,
Are very, very great :
But soon they ev'ry one must cease,
Nor are they now complete.
- 4 *Faith* will to *bliss* give place,
In *sight* we *hope* shall lose,
For who needs trust for things he has,
Or hope for what he views ?
- 5 The little too that's *known*,
Which children-like we boast,
Will fade, like glow worms in the sun,
Or drops in ocean lost.
- 6 But love shall still remain ;
It's glories cannot cease,
No other change shall that sustain,
Save only to increase.

- 7 Of all that God bestows,
In earth, or heav'n above,
The best gift saint or angel knows,
Or e'er will know is love.
- 8 Love all defects supplies,
Makes great obstructions small,
'Tis pray'r, 'tis praise, 'tis sacrifice,
'Tis holiness, 'tis all.
- 9 Descend, celestial dove,
With Jesus' flock abide ;
Give us that best of blessings, love,
Whate'er we want beside.

HYMN 51. C. M.

And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Luke vii. 42.

- 1 Mercy is welcome news indeed,
To those that *guilty* stand,
Wretches that *feel* what help they need,
Will bless the helping hand.
- 2 Who rightly would his alms dispose,
Must give them to the *Poor* ;
None but the *wounded* patient knows
The comforts of his cure.
- 3 We all have sinn'd against our God,
Exception none can boast :

But he that feels the heaviest load,
Will prize forgiveness most.

4 Nor reck'ning can we rightly keep,
For who the sums can know :
Some souls are fifty pieces deep,
And some five hundred owe.

5 But let our debts be what they may,
However great, or small :
As soon as we have *nought* to pay,
Our Lord forgives us all.

6 'Tis perfect poverty alone,
That sets the soul at large,
While we can call one mite our own,
We have no full discharge.

HYMN 52. L.M.

Praying for relations.

1 KIND souls, who for the mis'ries moan
Of those who seldom mind their own ;
But treat your zeal with cold disdain,
Resolv'd to make your labors vain :

2 You whose sincere affection tends
To help your dear, ungrateful friends,
That think you foes, or mad, or fools,
Because you fain would save their souls :

3 Tho' deaf to ev'ry warning giv'n,
They seem to walk with you to heav'n ;

But often think, and sometimes say,
They'll never go, if that's the way :

- 4 Tho' they the Spirit of God resist,
Or ridicule your faith in Christ :
Tho' they blaspheme, oppose, condemn.
And hate you for your love to them :
- 5 One secret way is left you still
To do them good against their will :
Here they can no obstruction give,
You may do this without their leave.
- 6 Fly to the throne of grace by pray'r
And pour out all your wishes there ;
Effectual fervent pray'r prevails,
When ev'ry other method fails.

HYMN 53. S. M.

Faith is the victory.

- 1 WHOE'ER believes aright,
In Christ's atoning blood,
Of all his guilt's acquitted quite,
And may draw near to God.
- 2 But sin will still remain,
Corruptions rise up thick ;
And satan says the med'cine's vain,
Because we yet are sick.
- 3 But all this will not do—
Our hope's on Jesus cast ;

Let all be liars, and him be true,
We shall be well at last.

HYMN 20. 8's & 7's.

Faith and repentance.

- 1 Jesus is our God and Saviour,
Guide, and counsellor, and friend :
Bearing all our misbehaviour,
Kind, and loving to the end.
Trust him he will not deceive us,
Tho' we hardly of him deem :
He will never, never leave us,
Nor will let us quite leave him.
- 2 View him in the doleful garden—
View him on the bloody tree,
Dearly purchasing a pardon,
For his people, full and free.
View him now in heaven sitting,
Interceding for us there,
Not a moment intermitting
His compassion and his care,
- 3 Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our smart ;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else can melt the heart.
Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone ;

But a sense of blood bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

- 4 'Tis a safe, tho' deep compunction,
Thy repenting people feel,
Love and grief compound an unction,
Both to cleanse our wounds and heal.
Balm is useless to th' unfeeling,
And repentance without faith
Is a sore, that never healing,
Frets and rankles unto death.
- 3 Jesus, all our consolations
Flow from Thee the Sov'reign good,
Love, and faith, and hope and patience,
All are purchas'd by thy blood.
From thy fulness we receive them;
We have nothing of our own:
Freely thou delight'st to give them,
To the needy, who have none.
- 6 Teach us, by thy patient Spirit,
How to mourn, and not despair,
Let us, leaning on thy merit,
Wrestle hard with God in pray'r.
Whatso'er afflictions seize us,
They shall profit, if not please:
But defend, defend us, Jesus,
From security and ease.

- 7 Softly to thy garden lead us,
 To behold thy bloody sweat.
 Tho' thou from the curse hast freed us,
 Let us not the cost forget.
 Be thy groans and cries rehearsed,
 By the Spirit, in our ears ;
 'Till we, viewing whom we've pierced,
 Melt in sympathetic tears.

HYMN 55. 8's & 7's.

The same.

- 1 COME, ye Christians, sing the praises
 Of your condescending God ;
 Come, and hymn the holy Jesus,
 Who hath wash'd us in his blood.
 We are poor and weak and silly,
 And to every evil prone ;
 Yet our Jesus loves us freely,
 And receives us for his own.
- 2 Tho' we're mean in man's opinion,
 He hath made us priests and kings :
 Power and glory and dominion
 To the Lamb the sinner sings.
 Leprous souls, unsound and filthy,
 Come before him as you are :
 'Tis the sick man, not the healthy,
 Needs the good Physician's care.

- 3 Hear the terms that never vary—
 “To repent and to believe :”
 Both of these are necessary—
 Both from Jesus we receive.
 Would be Christian, duly ponder
 These in thine impartial mind ;
 And let no man put asunder
 What the Lord has wisely join’d.
- 4 Oh ! beware of fondly thinking
 God accepts thee for thy tears :
 Are the ship-wreck’d sav’d by sinking ?
 Can the ruin’d rise by fears ?
 Oh ! beware of trust ill-grounded—
 ’Tis but fancied faith at most,
 To be cur’d, and not be wounded—
 To be sav’d before you’re lost.
- 4 No big words of ready talkers,
 No dry doctrines will suffice :
 Broken hearts, and humble walkers,
 These are dear in Jesus’ eyes.
 Tinkling sounds of disputation,
 Naked knowledge, all are vain :
 Ev’ry soul, that gains salvation,
 Must and shall be born again.

HYMN 56. 8’s & 7’s.

The same.

PART I.

- 1 LET us ask the important question,
 (Brethren, be not too secure)

What it is to be a Christian ;
How we may our hearts assure,
Vain is all our devotion,
If on false foundation built :
'True religion's more than notion—
Something must be known and felt.

- 2 'Tis to trust our well beloved
In his blood has wash'd us clean :
'Tis to hope our guilt's removed,
Tho' we feel it rise within.
To believe that all is finish'd,
Tho' so much remains t' endure :
Find the dangers undiminish'd,
Yet to hold deliv'rance sure.
- 3 'Tis to credit contradictions,
Talk with him one never sees :
Cry and groan beneath afflictions,
Yet to dread the thoughts of ease.
'Tis to feel the fight against us,
Yet the vict'ry hope to gain :
To believe that Christ has cleans'd us,
Tho' the leprosy remain.
- 4 'Tis to bear the Holy Spirit
Prompting us to secret pray'r :
To rejoice in Jesus' merit ;
Yet continual sorrow bear.
To receive a full remission
Of our sins for evermore ;
Yet to sigh with sore contrition,
Begging mercy every hour.

- 5 To be stedfast in believing,
Yet to tremble, fear and quake,
Ev'ry moment be receiving
Strength, and yet be always weak.
To be fighting, fleeing, turning;
Ever sinking, yet to swim,
To converse with Jesus, mourning
For ourselves, or else for him.

Part 2. 8's & 7s'.

- 1 Great High, Priest, we view the stooping
With our names upon thy breast,
In the garden groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors prest
Weeping angels stood confounded
To behold their Maker thus,
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know' twas all for us?
- 2 On the cross thy body broken
Cancels ev'ry penal tie.
Tempted souls, produce this token
All demands to satisfy.
All is finish'd, do not doubt it,
But believe your dying Lord;
Never reason more about it,
Only take him at his word.
- 3 Lord, we fain would trust thee solely;
'Twas for us thy blood was spilt

Bruised Bridegroom; take us wholly ;
Take, and make us what thou wilt.
Thou has borne the bitter sentence
Past on man's devoted race :
True belief, and true repentance
Are thy gifts, thou God of grace.

HYMN 57. C. M. D.

The wish.

- 1 If dust and ashes might presume,
Great God, to talk to thee ;
If in thy presence can be room
For crawling worms like me :
I humbly would my *wish* present,
For *wishes* I have none ;
All my desires are now content
To be compriz'd in One.
- 2 I would not sue for length of days ;
For honor, or for wealth :
Nor, that which far surpasseth these,
Uninterrupted health.
I would not ask, a monarch's heir,
Or counsellor to be :
A better wisdom I would share,
A nobler pedigree.
- 3 Not joy, nor strength would I request,
Tho' neither I condemn :

But would petition to be blest
With what transcendeth them,
'Tis not that angels might convey
My soul this night to heav'n:
Thy time with patience I can stay,
Since all my sin's forgiv'n.

4 Nor would I crave in highest state
At thy right hand to sit:
(The suit of *Zeb'dee's* sons) for *that*
I know myself unfit.
Nor in thy church on earth would strive
A pompous post to fill:
For fear I might not well perceive,
Or fail to do thy will.

5 The single boon I would intreat
Is to be led by thee,
To gaze thy bloody sweat
In sad *Gethsemane*.
To view (as I could bear at least)
Thy tender broken heart,
Like a rich olive, bruis'd and prest
With agonizing smart

6 To see thee bow'd beneath my guilt,
Intolerable load!
To see thy blood for sinners spilt,
My groaning gasping God!
With sympathizing grief to mourn
The sorrows of thy soul;

The pangs and tortures by thee borne
In some degree condole.

- 7 There musing on thy mighty love,
I always would remain :
Or but to *Golgotha* remove,
And thence return again,
In each near place the same rich scene
Should ever be renew'd :
No object else should intervene,
But all be love and blood.
- 8 For this one, Savior, oft I've sought :
And if this one be given,
I seek on earth no happier lot ;
And hope the like in heaven.
Lord, pardon what I ask amiss ;
For knowledge I have none,
I do but humbly speak my wish ;
And may thy will be done.

HYMN 58. S. M.

Pride.

- 1 INNUMERABLE foes
Attack the child of God,
He feels within the weight of sin,
A grievous galling load.
- 2 Temptations too without,
Of various kinds assault.

Sly snares beset his trav'ling feet,
And make him often halt.

3 From sinner and from saint,
He meets with many a blow :
His own bad heart creates him smart,
Which only God can know.

4 But tho' the host of hell
Be neither weak nor small ;
One mighty foe deals dang'rous woe,
And hurts beyond them all.

5 'Tis pride, accursed pride,
That spirit by God abhorr'd :
Do what we will, it haunts us still,
And keeps us from the Lord.

6 It blows it's pois'nous breath,
And bloats the soul with air ;
The heart up-lifts with God's own gifts,
And makes even grace a snare.

7 Awake, nay while we sleep,
In all we think or speak,
It puffs us glad, torments us sad ;
It's hold we cannot break.

8 In other ills we find
The hand of heav'n not slack :
Pride only knows to interpose,
And keep our comforts back.

- 9 Tis hurtful, when perceiv'd
When not perceiv'd 'tis worse.
Unseen or seen it dwells within,
And works by fraud or force,
- 10 Against its influence pray,
It mingles with the pray'r ;
Against it preach, it prompts the speech,
Be silent, still 'tis there.
- 11 This moment while I write,
I feel it's power within ;
My heart it draws to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin.
- 12 Thou meek and lowly Lamb,
This haughty tyrant kill.
That wounded thee, tho' thou wast free,
And grieves thy Spirit still.
- 13 Our condescending God,
(To whom else shall we go ?
Remove our pride what'er betide ;
And lay, and keep us low.
- 14 Thy garden is the place,
Where pride cannot intrude ;
For should it dare to enter there,
'Twould soon be drown'd in blood.

HYMN 59. L. M.

The High Priest.

- 1 WHEN Aaron in the holiest place
Atonement made for Israel's race,
The names of all their tribes exprest,
He wore conspicuous on his breast.
- 2 Twelve letter'd stones, with sculpture bold,
Deep seated in the wounded gold,
Glow'd on the breast-plate richly bright,
And beam'd characteristic light.
- 3 His hands a golden censer held,
With burning coals and incense fill'd ;
Which clouded all the holy room
With od'rous streams of rich perfume.
- 4 And lest the priest the place defile,
A costly consecrating oil,
With mingled gums and spices sweet,
Had for his office made him meet.
- 5 The liquid compound from his head
It's unctuous odours downward spread :
Delicious drops, like balmy dews,
O'er all the men their sweets diffuse.
- 6 Array'd in hallowed vests he stood,
Sprinkled with holy oil and blood.
The tabernacle's sacred frame,
And all within it, shar'd the same.

- 7 So when our great Melchizedek
The true atonement came to make,
A holy oil anoints Him too,
Richer than Aaron ever knew.
- 8 His body bath'd in sweat and blood,
Shower'd on the ground a purple flood;
The rich effusion copious ran,
To glad the heart of God and man.
- 9 Deep in his breast engrav'd he bore
Our names with every penal score;
When prest to earth he prostrate lay,
Shock'd at the sum, yet prompt to pay.
10. The fragrant incense of his pray'r,
To heav'n went up thro' yielding air;
Perfum'd the throne of God on high,
And calm'd offended Majesty.

HYMN 60. 7's & 6's.

Election.

- 1 MIGHTY enemies without,
Much mightier within,
Thoughts we cannot quell, nor rout,
Blasphemously obscene:
- Coldness, unbelief, and pride,
Hell, and all its murd'rous train,
Threaten death on ev'ry side,
And have their thousands slain.

- 2 Thus pursu'd, and thus distress,
Ah! whither shall we fly?
To obtain the promis'd rest,
On what sure hand rely?
Shall the Christian trust his heart?
That, alas! of foes the worst,
Always takes the tempter's part;
Nay, often tempts him first.
- 3 If to-day we be sincere,
And can both watch and pray;
Watchfulness, perhaps, and pray'r
To-morrow may decay.
If we now believe aright:
Faithfulness is God's alone;
We are feeble, sickly, light,
To changes ever prone.
- 4 But we build upon a base
That nothing can remove,
When we trust electing grace,
And everlasting love.
Vict'ry over all our foes
Christ has purchas'd with his blood
Perseverance he bestows
On ev'ry child of God.

HYMN 62. L. M.

Christ in the garden.

- 1 COME hither ye that fain would know
Th' exceeding sinfulness of sin;
Come see a scene of matchless woe,
And tell me what it all can mean.

- 2 Behold the darling Son of God,
Bow'd down with horror to the ground,
Wrung at the heart, and sweating blood,
His eyes in tears of sorrow drown'd.
- 3 See how the the victim panting lies,
His soul with bitter anguish prest.
He sighs, he faints, he groans, he cries,
Dismay'd, dejected, shock'd, distress!
- 4 What pangs are these that tear his heart?
What burden's this that's on him laid?
What means this agony of smart?
What makes our Maker hang his head?
- 5 'Tis justice with its iron rod
Inflicting strokes of wrath divine:
'Tis the vindictive hand of God
Incens'd at all your sins and mine.
- 6 Deep in his breast our names were cut,
He undertook our desperate debt.
Such loads of guilt were on him put,
He could but just sustain the weight.
- 7 Then let us not ourselves deceive;
For while of sin we lightly deem,
Whatever notions we may have,
Indeed we are not much like him.

HYMN 63. L.M.

The Crucifixion.

- 1 Now from the garden to the cross,
Let us attend the Lamb of God ;
Be all things else accounted dross,
Compar'd with sin's atoning blood.
- 2 See how the patient Jesus stands,
Insulted in his lowest case :
Sinners have bound the Almighty's hands,
And spit in their Creator's face.
- 3 With thorns his temples gor'd and gash'd,
Send streams of blood from ev'ry part
His back's with knotted scourges lash'd
But sharper scourges tear his heart
- 4 Nail'd naked to th' accursed wood,
Expos'd to earth, and heav'n above ;
A spectacle of wounds and blood ;
A prodigy of injur'd love !
- 5 Hark, how his doleful cries affright
Affected angels, while they view,
His friends forsook him in the night,
And now his God forsakes him too.
- 6 O, what a field of battle's here !
Vengeance and love their power's oppose
Never was such a mighty pair ;
Never were two such desp'rate foes

- 7 Behold that pale, that languid face,
That drooping head, those cold dead eyes!
Behold in sorrow and disgrace
Our conqu'ring hero hangs and dies!
- 8 Ye that assume his sacred name,
Now tell me, what can all this mean?
What was it bruis'd God's harmless Lamb?
What was it pierc'd his soul, but sin?
- 9 Blush, Christian blush, let shame abound:
If sin affects thee not with woe,
Whatever spirit be in thee found,
The Spir't of Christ thou dost not know.

HYMN 64. 7's & 6's.

In the Lord have I righteousness and strength.

Isa. xlv. 24.

- 1 FAITH in Jesus can repel
The darts of sin and death;
Faith gives vict'ry over hell;
But who can give us *faith*?
Hope in Christ the soul revives;
Supports the spirits, when they droop,
Hope celestial comfort gives:
But who can give us *Hope*?
- 2 *Love* to Jesus Christ and his,
Fixes the heart above.
Love gives everlasting bliss:
But who can give us *love*?

To *believe's* the gift of God :
 Well-grounded *hope* he sends from heav'n,
Love's the purchase of his blood,
 To all his children giv'n.

- 3 Jesus, from thy boundless store,
 Thy treasures of grace,
 On thy feeble foll'wers pour
 Thy righteousness and peace.
 Of *thy* righteousness alone
 Continual mention we will make :
 We have nothing of our own ;
 But soul and all's at stake.

HYMN 65. 8's 3's.

Man's Righteousness,

- 1 MAN, bewail thy situation :
 Hell-born sin,
 Once crept in,
 Mars God's fair creation.
- 2 Vaunt thy native strength no longer
 Vain's the boast ;
 All is lost ;
 Sin and death are stronger.
- 3 Enemies to God and goodness,
 Great and small,
 Since the fall,
 Sink in lust and lewdness.

- 4 If to this thou art a stranger,
 While thou liest
 Out of Christ,
 Greater is thy danger.
- 5 Trust not to thy smooth behavior :
 All's deceit;
 And the cheat
 Keeps thee from the Saviour.
- 6 Oft we're blest when dangers fright us?
 Jesus came
 To reclaim
 Sinners, not the righteous.
- 7 Sick men feel their bad conditions;
 But the soul,
 That is whole,
 Slights the good Physician.

HYMN 65. C.M.D.

But it is good for me to draw near to God.

Psalm lxxiii. 28.

As when a child secure of harms
 Hangs at the mother's breast,
 Safe folded in her anxious arms,
 Receiving food and rest :
 And while thro' many a painful path
 The trav'ling parent speeds
 The fearless babe, with passive faith,
 Lies still, and yet proceeds.

- 2 Should some short start his quiet break,
He fondly strives to fling
His little arms about her neck,
And seems to closer cling.
Poor child, maternal love alone
Preserve thee first ;
Thy parent's arms, and not thy own,
Are those that hold thee fast.
- 3 So souls that would to Jesus cleave,
And hear his secret call,
Must ev'ry fair pretension leave,
And let the Lord be all,
"Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep,"
The shepherd softly cries,
Lord tell me what tis close to keep ?
The list'ning sheep replies.
- 4 "Thy dependence on me fix ;
"Nor entertain a thought,
"Thy worthless schemes with mine to mix,
"But venture to be *nought*.
"Fond self direction is a shelf ;
"Thy strength, thy wisdom flee
"When thou art *nothing* in thy self,
"Thou then art close to me."

HYMN 67. L. M.

- 1 YE tempted souls, reflect
Whose name 'tis you profess :
Your master's lot you must expect,
Temptations more or less.
- 2 Dream not of faith so clear,
As shuts all doubtings out :
Remember how the devil could dare
To tempt a'en Christ to doubt.
- 3 "If thou'rt the Son of God,
(O, what an *if* was there!)
"These stones here, speak them into food,
"And make that sonship clear."
- 4 View that amazing scene!
Say, could the tempter try
To shake a tree so sound, so green?
Good God, defend the dry.
- 5 Think not he now will fail
To make us shrink and droop,
Our faith he daily will assail,
And dash our very hope.
- 6 That impious *if* he thus
At God incarnate threw,
No wonder if he cast at us,
And make us feel it too.

- 7 To cause despair's the scope
Of Satan and his pow'rs,
Against hope to believe in hope,
My brethren, must be ours.
- 8 *Buts, ifs, and hows* are hurl'd,
To sink us with the gloom,
Of all that's dismal in this world
Or in the world to come.
- 9 But here's our point of rest:
Tho' hard the battle seem,
Our Captain stood the fiery test,
And we shall stand thro' him.

HYMN 68. S. M.

The Prodigal.

- 1 Now for a wondrous song,
(Keep distance, ye profane;
Be silent, each unhallowed tongue,
Nor turn the truth to bane.)
- 2 The prodigal's return'd,
Th' apostate bold and base;
That all his Father's counsels spurn'd,
And long abus'd his grace.
- 3 What treatment since he came?
Love tenderly exprest,
What robe is brought to hide his shame?
The best, the very best.

- 4 Rich food the servants bring,
Sweet music charms his ears,
See what a beauteous costly ring
The beggar's finger wears.
- 5 Ye elder sons, be still ;
Give no bad passion vent :
My brethren, 'tis our Father's will,
And you must be content.
- 6 All that he has is yours :
Rejoice then, not repine,
That love that all *your* state secures,
That love has alter'd *mine*.
- 7 Good God, are these thy ways!
If rebels thus are freed,
And favor'd with peculiar grace,
Grace must be free indeed.

HYMN 69. 7's & 6's.

All my springs are in thee. Psalm lxxxvii.7.

- 1 BLESS the Lord, my soul, and raise
A glad and grateful song
To my dear Redeemer's praise ;
For I to him belong.
He my goodness, strength, and God,
In whom I live, and move, and am,
Paid my ransom with his blood :
My portion is the Lamb.

- 2 Tho' temptations seldom cease ;
 Tho' frequent griefs I feel ;
Yet his Spirit whispers peace,
 And he is with me still.
Weak of body, sick in soul,
 Deprest at heart, and faint with fears,
His dear presence makes me whole,
 And with sweet comfort cheers.
- 3 O my Jesus, thou art mine,
 With all thy grace and power ;
I am now, and shall be thine,
 When time shall be no more,
Thou reviv'st me by thy death ;
 Thy blood from guilt has set me free :
My fresh springs of hope, and faith,
 And love, are all in thee.

HYMN 69.

*If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer
of dreams, &c. Deut. xiii. 1, &c.*

- 1 No prophet, nor dreamer of dreams,
 No master of plausible speech,
To live like an angel who seems,
 Or like an apostle to preach ;
No tempter, without or within,
 No spirit, tho' ever so bright,
That comes crying out against sin,
 And looks like an angel of light ;

- 2 Tho' reason, tho' fitnest he urge,
Or plead with the words of a friend,
Or wonders of argument forge,
Or deep revelations pretend,
Should meet with a moment's regard,
But rather be boldly withstood,
If any thing, easy or hard,
He teach, save the lamb and his blood.
- 3 Remember, O Christian, with heed,
When sunk under sentence of death,
How first thou from bondage wast freed;
Say, was it by works, or by faith?
On Christ thy affections then fixt,
What conjugal truth didst thou vow!
With him was there any thing mixt?
Then what would'st thou mix with him now.
- 4 If close to the Lord thou would'st cleave,
Depend on his promise alone;
His righteousness would'st thou receive,
Then learn to renounce all thy own,
The faith of a Christian indeed
Is more than mere notion or whim:
United to Jesus, his head,
He draws life and virtue from him.
- 5 Deceiv'd by the father of lies
Blind guides cry, *Lo here!* and *Lo there*
By these our Redeemer us tries,
And warns us of such to beware,

Poor comfort to mourners they give,
 Who set us to labor in vain;
And strive, with a Do this and live,
 To drive us to Egypt again.

- 6 But what says our Shepherd divine?
 (For *his* blessed word we should keep)
 " This flock has my Father made mine,
 " I lay down my life for my sheep,
 " 'Tis life everlasting I give ;
 " My blood was the price that it cost,
 " Not one that on me shall believe,
 " Shall ever be finally lost."
- 7 This God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable friend ;
 Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
 And neither knows measure nor end,
 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last ;
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 71. 7's.

*Believe in the Lord your God ; so shall you be
 established. 2 Chron. xx.20.*

- 1 Lord, we lie before thy feet,
 Look on all our deep distress ;
 Thy rich mercy may we meet.
 Clothe us with thy righteousness,

Stretch forth thy Almighty hand,
Hold us up, and we shall stand.

2 Shame, and fear, and pain we feel
Viewing our unstable hearts:
How we wander, waver, reel,
Only wise by fits and starts,
Thou art truth—but what are we?
Fickle fools, and false to thee.

3 Oh, that closer we could cleave
To thy bleeding, dying breast!
Give us firmly to believe,
And to enter into rest,
Lord, increase, increase our faith,
Make us faithful unto death.

4 Make thy mighty wonders known,
Let us see thy suff'rings plain;
Let us hear thee sigh and groan,
Till we sigh and groan again,
Rend, O rend the veil between;
Open wide the bloody scene.

5 Let us, with a steadfast faith,
View our dear incarnate God,
Shudd'ring in the arms of death,
Bow'd beneath our nature's load
Make our union with thee clear,
Perfect love and cast out fear.

6 Let us trust thee evermore,
Ev'ry moment on thee call,

For new life, new will, new pow'r,
 Let us trust thee, Lord for all,
 My we nothing know beside
 Jesus, and him crucified.

HYMN 72. 7's.

Jesus, oft times resorted thither with his disciple

John xviii 2.

- 1 JESUS, while he dwelt below,
 As divine historians say,
 To a place would often go,
 Near to Kedron's brook it lay :
 In this place he lov'd to be,
 And 'twas nam'd *Gethsemane*.
- 2 'Twas a garden, as we read,
 At the foot of Olivet,
 Low, and proper to be made
 The Redeemer's lone retreat,
 When from noise he would be free,
 Then he sought *Gethsemane*.
- 3 Thither, by their Master brought,
 His disciples likewise came :
 There the heav'nly truths he taught
 Often set their hearts on flame,
 Therefore they, as well as he,
 Visited *Gethsemane*.
- 4 Here they oft conversing sat,
 Or might join with Christ in pray'r :
 Oh, what blest devotion's that,
 When the Lord himself is there!

All things to them seem'd t'agree
To endear *Gethsemane*.

5 Here no strangers durst intrude,
But the Prince of Peace could sit,
Cheer'd with sacred solitude,
Wrapt in contemplation sweet;
Yet how little could they see,
Why he chose *Gethsemane*.

6 Full of love to man's lost race,
On this conflict much he thought;
This he knew the destin'd place,
And he lov'd the sacred spot,
Therefore 'twas he lik'd to be
Often in *Gethsemane*.

7 They his foll'wers with the rest,
Had incurr'd the wrath divine
And their Lord, with pity prest,
Long'd to bear their loads—and mine,
Love to them, and love to me
Made him love *Gethsemane*,

8 Many woes had he endur'd,
Many sore temptations met
Patient, and to pains inur'd
But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustain'd in thee,
Gloomy sad *Gethsemane*!

9 Came at length the dreadful night
Vengeance with it's iron rod
Stood, and with collected might
Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God.

See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Gro'ling in *Gethsemane*!

10 View him in that *Olive Press*,
Squeez'd and wrung, till whelm'd in blood!
View thy maker's deep distress!

Hear the sighs and groans of God!
Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on *Gethsemane*.

11 Poor disciples, tell me now,
Where's the love you lately had!
Where's that faith ye all could vow?—
But this hour is too, too sad,
'Tis not now for such as ye
To support *Gethsemane*.

12 Oh, what wonders love has done!
But how little understood!
God well knows, and God alone,
What produc'd that sweat of blood,
Who can thy deep wonders see,
Wonderful *Gethsemane*.

13 There my God bore all my guilt :
This thro' grace can be believ'd ;
But the horrors which he felt,
Are too vast to be conceiv'd,
None can penetrate thro' thee,
Doleful, dark *Gethsemane*.

14 Gloomy garden, on thy beds
Wash'd by Kedron's waters foul,

Grow most rank and bitter weeds,
Think on these, my sinful soul.
Would'st thou sin's dominion flee,
Call to mind *Gethsemane*.

15 Sinners, vile like me, and lost,
(If there's one so vile as I)
Leave more righteous souls to boast;
Leave them, and to *refuge* fly.
We may well bless that decree,
Which ordain'd *Gethsemane*.

16 We can hope no healing hand.
Leprous quite throughout with sin :
Loath'd incurables we stand,
Crying out, *unclean, unclean*.
Help there's none for such as we,
But in dear *Gethsemane*.

17 Eden, from each flow'ry bed,
Did for man short sweetness breathe :
Soon by Satan's counsel led,
Man wrought sin, and sin wrought death.
But of life the healing tree
Grows in rich *Gethsemane*.

18 Hither, Lord, thou didst resort
Oft-times with thy little train;
Here would'st keep thy private court
Oh! confer that grace again.
Lord resort with worthless me
Oft-times to *Gethsemane*.

19 True, I can't deserve to share
In a favor so divine :
But, since sin first fix'd thee there,
None have greater sins than mine :
And to this my woful plea
Witness thou *Gethsemane*.

20 Sins against a holy God—
Sins against his righteous law—
Sins against his love, his blood—
Sins against his name and cause—
Sins immense as is the sea :
Hide me O *Gethsemane*.

21 Here's my claims, and here alone,
None a saviour more can need.
Deeds of righteousness I've none,
No, not one good work to plead.
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in *Gethsemane*.

22 Saviour, all the stone remove
From my flinty frozen heart :
Thaw it with the beams of love—
Pierce it with a blood-dipt dart.
Wound the heart that woundedt hee,
Melt it in *Gethsemane*.

23 Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One Almighty God of love,
Hymn'd by all the heav'nly host,
In thy shining courts above.

HYMN 73. C. M.

The inestimable benefits of Christ's Death, inferred from the excellency of his Person.

PART 1.

- 1 THE things on earth which men esteem,
And of their richness boast,
In value, less or greater seem,
Proportion'd to their cost.
- 2 The diamond that's for thousands sold,
Our admiration draws ;
For dust, men seldom part with gold,
Or barter pearls for straws.
- 3 Then what inestimable worth
Must in those crowns appear.
For which the Lord came down to earth
And bought for us so dear ?
- 4 The Father dearly loves the Son,
And rates his merits high :
For no mean cause he sent him down
To suffer, grieve, and die.
- 5 The blessings from his death that flow
So little we esteem,
Only because we slightly know,
And meanly value him.
- 6 'Twas our Creator for us bled,
The Lord of life and power ;

Whom angels worship, devils dread,
God blest for evermore.

- 7 Oh! could we but with clearer eyes
His excellencies trace ;
Could we his person learn to prize,
We more should prize his grace.

PART 2. C.M.

- 1 AND did the darling Son of God
For sinners deign to bleed ?
The purchase of that precious blood
Must needs be rich indeed.
- 2 God's wisdom would not pay for toys
So great a price as this :
'Tis God-like glory, boundless joys,
'Tis unexampled bliss.
- 3 Saints, raise your expectations high—
Hope all that heav'n has good :
Think what the blood of Christ can buy ;
Invaluable blood !
- 4 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor can the heart conceive,
What blessings are for them prepar'd
Who in the Lord believe.
- 5 By others, for their virtue fair,
Let rich rewards be sought :

Give me, my God, to freely share,
What thou hast dearly bought.

HYMN 74.

Who of God has made unto us Wisdom, and Righteousness, and Sanctification, and Redemption.

- 1 BELIEVERS own they are but blind ;
They know themselves unwise :
But *Wisdom* in the Lord they find,
Who opens all their eyes.
- 2 Unrighteous are they all, when tried,
But God himself declares,
In Jesus they are justified,
His righteousness is theirs'.
- 4 That we're unholy needs no proof ;
We sorely feel the fall :
But Christ has holiness enough
To *sanctify* us all.
- 4 Expos'd by sin to God's just wrath,
We look to Christ, and view
Redemption in his blood by faith,
And *full* redemption too.
- 5 Some this, some that good virtue teach,
To rectify the soul :
But we first after Jesus reach,
And richly grasp the whole.

- 6 To Jesus join'd we all that's good
From him our head derive :
We eat his flesh, and drink his blood,
And by and in him live.

HYMN 75. C M.

And the Lord shut him in. Gen. vii. 16.

- 1 WHEN Noah, with his favor'd few,
Was ordered to embark,
Eight human souls, a little crew.
Enter'd on board his ark.
- 2 Tho' ev'ry part he might secure,
With bar, or bolt, or pin :
To make the preservation sure,
Jehovah shut him in.
- 3 The waters then might swell their tides,
'The billows rage and roar ;
They could not stave th' assaulted sides,
Nor burst the batter'd door
- 4 So souls, that into Christ believe,
Quicken'd by vital faith,
Eternal life at once receive,
And never shall see death.
- 5 In his own heart the Christian puts
No trust, but builds his hopes
On him that opes, and no man shuts,
And shuts, and no man opes.

- 6 In Christ his ark he safely rides,
 Not wreck'd by death or sin,
 How it is he so fast abides ?
 The Lord has shut him in.

HYMN 76.

Difference and Degrees of Faith.

- 1 He that *believeth* Christ, the Lord,
 Who shed for man his blood,
 By giving credence to his word,
 Exalts the truth of God.
 So far he's right, but let him know,
 Farther than this he must not go.
- 2 He that believes *on* Jesus Christ,
 Has a much better faith ;
 His prophet now becomes his priest,
 And saves him by his death.
 By Christ he finds his sins forgiv'n
 And Christ has made him heir of heav'n.
- 3 But he that *into* Christ believes,
 What a rich faith has he !
 In Christ he moves, and acts, and lives,
 From self and bondage free.
 He had the Father and the Son,
 For Christ and he are now but one.
- 4 Till we attain to this rich faith,
 Tho' safe, we are not found ;

Tho' we are sav'd from guilt and wrath,
Perfection is not found.

Lord, make our union closer yet,
And let the marriage be complete.

HYMN 77.

*Thou hast guided them, in thy strength, unto thy
holy habitation. Exod. xv. 13.*

- 1 MISTAKEN men may bawl
Against the grace of God,
And threat with final fall
The purchase of his blood:
But tho' they own the Saviour's name,
From him such gospel never came.
- 2 Shall babes in Christ, bereft
Of God's rich gift of faith
Be to their own will left,
And sin the sin to death?
Shall any child of God be lost,
And Satan cheat the Holy Ghost?
- 3 Dark unbelief and pride,
With *Pharisaic* zeal,
We lay you all aside,
And trust a surer seal.
We rest our souls in Jesu's word,
And give the glory to the Lord.
- 4 Led forth by God's free grace.
And guided in his power,

We reach his holy place,
And live for evermore.
'Twas *this* place Moses had in view ;
Of this he sang, and we sing too.

HYMN 78.

*The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger : But
they that seek the Lord shall not want any good
thing. Psalm xxxiv 10.*

1 Ye lambs of Christ's fold,
Ye weaklings in faith,
Who long to lay hold
On life by his death :
Who fain would believe him,
And in your best room
Would gladly receive him,
But fear to presume :

2 Remember one thing,
(O ! may it sink deep)
Our Shepherd and King
Cares much for his sheep.
To trust him endeavor,
The work is his own ;
He makes the believer,
And gives him his crown.

3 Those feeble desires,
Those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires,
And bids you still seek.

- 1 His Spirit will cherish
The life he first gave;
You never shall perish,
If Jesus can save.

Proud lions, that boast
When lusty and young,
Soon find, to their cost,
Self-confidence wrong:
Tormented with hunger
They feel their strength vain,
For famine is stronger,
And gnaws them with pain.

- 5 But lambs are preserv'd,
Tho' helpless in kind;
When lions are starv'd,
They nourishment find.
Their Shepherd upholds them,
When faint, in his arms,
And feeds them, and folds them,
And guards them from harms.

- 6 Tho' sometimes, we see,
The case is not thus;
Bad shepherds will flee,
Yet what's that to us?
The shepherd that chose us
Must surely be good;
Who rather than lose us,
Would shed his heart's blood.

- 7 Blest soul, that can'st say,
 "Christ only I seek ;"
 Wait for him alway ;
 Be constant, tho' weak.
 The Lord whom thou seekest,
 Will not tarry long,
 And to him the weakest
 Is dear as the strong.

HYMN 79.

*He hath covered me with the Robe of Rigtheous
 ness. Isa. Ixi. 10.*

- 1 OF all the creatures God has made
 There is but man alone,
 That stands in need to be array'd
 In cov'rings not his own.
- 2 But nature, bears, and bulls, and swine,
 With fowls of ev'ry wing,
 Are much more warm, more safe, more fine,
 Than man their fallen king.
- 3 Naked and weak, we want a screen
 But when with clothes we're deckt,
 Nor only lies our shame unseen,
 But we command respect.
- 4 Can sinful souls then stand unclad
 Before God's burning throne,
 All bare, or (what is quite as bad)
 In cov'rings of their own ?

- 5 Rich garments must be worn to grace
The marriage of the Lamb :
Not nasty rags, to stink the place,
Nor nakedness to shame,
- 6 Robes of imputed righteousness
Will gain us God's esteem ;
No naked pride, no fig-leaf dress,
How fair soe'er it seem.
- 7 'Tis call'd a *Robe*, perhaps to mean,
Man has by nature none :
It grows not native like our skin,
But is by faith *put on*.
- 8 A sinner cloth'd in this rich vest.
And garments wash'd in blood,
Is render'd fit with Christ to feast,
And be the guest of God.

HYMN 80.

Free Grace.

- 1 YE children of God,
By faith in his Son
Redeem'd by his blood,
And with him made one,
This union with wonder
And rapture be seen,
Which nothing shall sunder,
Without or within.

- 2 This pardon, this peace
Which none can destroy :
This treasure of grace,
This heavenly joy,
The worthless may crave it,
It always comes free—
The vilest may have it,
'Twas given to *me*.
- 3 'Tis not for good deeds,
Good tempers nor frames;
From grace it proceeds,
And all is the Lamb's.
No goodness, no fitness
Expects he from us ;
This I can well witness,
For none can be worse.
- 4 Sick sinner expect
No balm, but Christ's blood :
Thy own works reject,
The bad, and the good,
None ever miscarry
That on him rely,
Tho' filthy as Mary,*
Manasseh, or I.

* Mary Magdalene.

HYMN 81

God's various dealings with his Children.

- 1 How hard and rugged is the way
 (For some poor pilgrim's feet!
In all they do, or think, or say,
 They opposition meet.
- 2 Others again more smoothly go
 Secur'd from hurts and harms;
Their Saviour leads them gently through,
 Or bears them in his arms,
- 3 *Faith* and *repentance* all must find:
 But yet, we daily see,
They differ in their time, and kind,
 Duration and degree.
- 4 Some long repent and late believe—
 But when their sin's forgiv'n,
A clearer passport they receive,
 And walk with joy to Heav'n.
- 5 Their pardon some receive at first;
 And then, compell'd to fight,
They feel their latter stages worst;
 And travel much by night
- 6 But be our conflicts short or long;
 This commonly is true,
That wheresoever *faith* is strong,
 Repentance is so too.

HYMN 82. L. P. M.

Dependence on Christ alone.

If ever it could come to pass,
That sheep of Christ might fall away;
My fickle feeble soul, alas!
Would fall a thousand times a day.
Were not thy love as firm as free,
Thou soon would'st take it, Lord, from me.

I on thy promises depend,
(At least, I to depend desire)
That thou wilt love me to the end;
Be with me in temptation's fire:
Wilt *for* me work. and *in* me too;
And guide me right, and bring me through.

No other stay have I beside,
If these can alter, I must fall;
I look to thee; to be supply'd
With life, with will, with power, with all.
Rich souls may glory in their store;
But Jesus will relieve the poor.

HYMN 83. 7's.

In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness. Zech. xiii. 1.

1 THE fountain of Christ
Assist me to sing,

The blood of our Priest,
Our crucify'd King :
Which perfectly cleanses
From sin and from filth ;
And richly dispenses
Salvation and health .

2 This fountain so dear
He'll freely impart
Unlock'd by the spear,
It gush'd from his heart.
With blood and with water,
The first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter ;
The fountain's but one.

3 This fountain is such
(As thousands can tell)
The moment we touch
It's streams, we are well,
All waters beside them
Are full of the curse
For all that have try'd them
Swell, rot, and grow worse.

4 This fountain, sick soul,
Recovers thee quite ;
Bathe here, and be whole ;
Wash here, and be white ;
Whatever diseases
Or dangers befall,

The fountain of Jesus
Will rid thee of all.

2 This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt,
Infallible cure ;
But if guilt remov'd
Return, and remain,
It's pow'r may be prov'd
Again and again.

6 This fountain unseal'd
Stands open for all,
That long to be heal'd,
The great and the small ;
Here's strength for the weakly,
That hither are led :
Here's health for the sickly :
Here's life for the dead.

7 This fountain, tho' rich,
From charge is quite clear ;
The poorer the wretch
The welcomer here,
Come needy, come guilty,
Come loathsome and bare :
You can't come too filthy—
Come just as you are.

8 This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd ;

It takes out all stain
Whenever apply'd :
The water flows sweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely,
Tho' leprous as mine.

HYMN 84. L. M.

Christ the Christian's only help

- 1 GRACIOUS God, thy children keep
Jesus, guide thy silly sheep :
Fix, oh fix, our fickle souls ;
Lord, direct us, we are fools.
- 2 Bid us in thy care confide ;
Keep us near thy wounded side,
From thee let us never stir ;
For thou know'st how soon we err.
- 3 Lay us low before thy feet,
Safe from pride and self conceit,
Be the language of our souls ;
"Lord, protect us : we are fools."
- 4 We are fools ; but thou art wise,
Son of David, ope our eyes.
Hold thy Lambs secure from harms
In thy everlasting arms.
- 5 Oh ! defend thy purchas'd flock,
See'th' insulting Ishmaels mock,

Guard us from a world of sin ;
Foes without, and worse within

6 Dang'rous doctrines from without,
Lies and errors round about ;
From within a treach'rous heart,
Prone to take the tempter's part.

7 Look upon the' unequal war ;
Saviour do not go too far.
Crafty is the foe, and strong ;
Saviour do not tarry long.

8 By thy word we fain would steer :
Fain thy Spirit's dictates hear.
Save us from the rocks and shelves ;
Save us chiefly from ourselves.

9 Never, never, may we dare
What we're not to say we are,
Make us well our vileness know
Keep us very, very low.

10 May we all our wills resign,
Quite absorb'd and lost in thine,
Let us walk by thy right rules :
Lord, instruct us ; we are fools.

HYMN 85.

Saving Faith.

1 THE sinner that truly believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,

His justification receives,
Redemption in full thro' his blood :
Tho' thousands and thousands of foes
Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he thro' Christ can oppose,
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

2 Not all the delusions of sin
Shall ever seduce him to death :
He now has the witness within,
United to Jesus by faith,
This faith shall eternally fail,
When Jesus shall fall from his throne :
For hell against *both* must prevail ;
Since Jesus and he are but *one*,

3 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name :
The work of God's Spirit it is :
A principle active and young,
That lives under pressure and load ;
That makes out of weakness more strong,
And draws the soul upwards to God.

4 It treads on the world and on hell,
It vanquishes death and despair :
And (what is still stranger to tell)
It overcomes heaven by pray'r ;
Permits a vile worm of the dust
With God to commune as a friend

To hope his forgiveness as just,
And look for his love to the end.

- 5 It says to the mountains; depart,
That stand betwixt God and the soul,
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes their sore consciences whole;
Bids sins of a crimson like dye
Be spotless as snow and as white;
And makes such a sinner as I
As pure as an angel of light.

HYMN 86. 7's & 6's,

These are they which came out of great Tribulation; and have washed their Robes, and made them white, in the Blood of the Lamb. Rev. xii. 14.

- 1 BRETHREN, those who come to bliss,
Come thro' sore temptations:
Let us all rememb'ring this,
Pray for faith and patience.
- 2 See the suff'ring church of Christ,
Gather'd from all quarters:
All contain'd in that red list,
Were not murder'd martyrs.
- 3 Saints who feel the load of sin
Yet come off victorious,
Suffer martyrdom within,
Tho' it seem less glorious.

- 4 Th' Holy Ghost will make the soul
Feel it's sad condition ;
For the sick and not the whole,
Need the good Physician.
- 5 Of that mighty multitude,
Who of life were winners,
This we safely may conclude,
All were wretched sinners.
- 6 All were loathsome in God's sight,
Till the blood of Jesus
Wash'd their robes, and made them white :
Now they sing his praises.
- 7 Ev'ry kindred, tongue, and tribe,
From their tribulation
Stand ; and to the Lamb ascribe ?
All their free salvation.
- 8 Let us likewise laud the Lamb ;
And in all affliction,
Count our case with theirs the same.
Without contradiction.

HYMN 87. C. M.

*For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in
power. 1 Cor. iv. 20.*

- 1 A FORM of words, tho'e'er so sound,
Can never save a soul ;
The Holy Ghost must give the wound,
And make the wounded whole.

- 2 Though God's *election* is a truth,
Small comfort there I see,
Till I am told by God's own mouth,
That he has chosen *me*.
- 3 Sinners, I read, are justified
By faith in Jesus' blood:
But, when to *me* that blood's applied,
'Tis then it does me good.
- 4 To perseverance I agree,
The thing to me is clear;
Because the Lord has promis'd *me*,
That I shall persevere.
- 5 Imputed righteousness I own
A doctrine most divine;
For Jesus to my heart makes known
That all his merit's *mine*.
- 6 That Christ is God, I can avouch,
And for his people cares:
Since I have pray'd to him as such,
And he has heard my pray'rs.
- 7 That sinners black as hell, by Christ
Are sav'd, I know full well;
For I his mercy have not miss'd,
And I am black as hell.
- 8 Thus Christians glorify the Lord:
His spirit joins with ours,

In bearing witness to his word,
With all its saving pow'rs.

HYMN 88.

Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted. Matth. v. 4.

1 CHRIST is the friend of sinners :

Be that forgotten never.

A wounded soul,

And not a whole,

Becomes a true believer.

To see sin, smarts but slightly ;

To own with lip-confession,

Is easier still ;

But oh ! to feel,

Cuts deep beyond expression :

2 Trust not to joyous fancies,

Light-hearts, or smooth behaviour.

Sinners can say

(And none but they)

"How precious is the Saviour !"

Then hail ye happy mourners,

How blest your state to come is !

Ye soon will meet

With comfort sweet ;

It is the Lord's own promise.

3 The contrite heart and broken,

God will not give to ruin.

This sacrifice

He'll not despise ;
 For 'tis his Spirit's doing.
 Then hail ye happy mourners,
 Who pass thro' tribulation.
 Sin's filth and guilt,
 Perceiv'd and felt,
 Make known God's great salvation,

4 Dry doctrine cannot save us,
 Blind zeal, or false devotion.
 The feeblest pray'r,
 If faith be there,
 Exceeds all empty notion.
 Then hail, ye happy mourners ;
 Ye will at last be winners.
 By Jesus' blood,
 The righteous God
 Is reconcil'd to sinners.

HYMN 89. S. P. M.

The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy.

James iv. 5.

1 WHAT tongue can fully tell
 That Christian's grievous load,
 Who would do all things well,
 And walk the ways of God ;
 But feels within
 Foul envy lurk,
 And lust, and work,
 Engend'ring sin ?

- 2 Poor, wretched, worthless worm!
In what sad plight I stand !
When good I would perform,
Then evil is at hand.

My leprous soul
Is all unclean,
My heart obscene,
My nature foul.

- 3 To trust to Christ alone,
By thousand dangers scar'd,
And righteousness have none,
Is something very hard.

Whate'er men say,
The needy know
It must be so ;
It is the way.

- 4 Thou all sufficient Lamb,
God blest for evermore,
We glory in thy name,
For thine is all the power.

Stretch forth thy hand,
And hold us fast ;
Our first and last,
In thee we stand.

HYMN 90. C. P. M.

*I will bear the indignation of the Lord because
have sinned against him. Mic. vii. 9.*

- 1 COME, ye backsliding sons of God,
(For many such there are)

- Who long the paths of sin have trod,
 Come, cast away despair,
 Return to Jesus Christ ; and see,
 There's mercy still for such as we.
- 2 True, we cannot pretend to much
 Of usefulness or fruit :
 But yet the love of Christ is such,
 We still retain the root.
 Returning prodigals shall find,
 Tho' they are base, their Father's kind,
- 3 They who have never gone astray,
 Since first the Lord they knew,
 Walk in a much more pleasant way,
 While we our folly rue :
 But tho' we seem to differ thus,
 They can't be perfect without us,
- 4 The indignation of the Lord
 A while we will endure ;
 For we have sinn'd against his word,
 But still his grace is sure.
 'Tis all a gift : let no man boast :
 For Jesus came to save the lost.

HYMN 91. S. M.

I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.

John xiv. 6.

- 1 I Am, saith Christ, *the way*,
 Now if we credit *Him*,

All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.

2 I am, saith Christ, *the truth*.
Then all that lacks this test
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.

3 I am, saith Christ, *the Life*.
Let this be seen by faith,
It follows without further strife,
That all besides is death.

4 If what those words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply;
The simplest Christian shall not err,
Nor be *deceiv'd*, nor *die*.

HYMN 92. L. M.

Love not the World. 1 John ii. 15.

1 My brethren, why these anxious fears,
These warm pursuits, and eager cares,
For earth, and all its gilded toys?
If the whole world you could possess,
It might enchant; it could not bless:
False hopes, vain pleasures and light joys!

2 Remember, brethren, whose you are;
Whose cause you own: whose name you bear,
Is it not *his*, who could not call
His own (tho' he had all things made)
A place whereon to lay his head?

A servant, tho' the Lord of all.

- 3 If wealth, or honor, power, or fame,
Can bring you nearer to the Lamb,
Then follow these with all your might :
But if they only make you stray,
And draw your hearts from him away :
Reflect, in what you thus delight.
- 4 Jesus hath said (who surely knew
Much better what we ought to do,
Than we can e'er pretend to see)
"No thought e'en for the morrow take."
And " He that will not, for my sake,
" Relinquish all's unworthy me.
- 5 Let no vain words your souls deceive ;
Nor Satan tempt you to believe
The world and God can hold their parts.
True Christians long for Christ alone.
The sacrifices God will own,
Are broken, not divided, hearts.
- 6 Great things we are not here to crave ;
But, if we food and raiment have,
Should learn to be therewith content ;
Into the world we nothing brought,
Nor can we from it carry ought :
Then walk the way your Master went.

HYMN 93 C. M.

For a Public Fast.

- 1 LORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united pray'r
For this our sinful land.
- 2 Oft have we each in private pray'd
Our country might find grace,
Now hear the same petitions made
In this appointed place.
- 3 Or, if amongst us some be met,
So careless of their sin
They have not cry'd for mercy yet,
Lord, let them now begin.
- 4 Thou by whose death poor sinners live,
By whom their pray'rs succeed,
Thy Spir't of supplication give,
And we shall pray indeed.
- 5 We will not slack, nor give thee rest;
But importune thee so,
That, till we shall be by thee blest,
We will not let thee go.
- 6 Great God of Hosts, deliv'rance bring
Guide those that hold the helm;
Support the state, preserve the king,
And spare the guilty realm.

7 Or should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel thy rod ;
May faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

8 Whatever be our destin'd case,
Accept us in thy Son.
Give us his gospel and his grace,
And then thy will be done.

HYMN 94. C M.

*For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no
sin ; that we might be made the Righteousness of
God in him. 2 Cor. 25.*

1 WHEN I, by faith, my Maker see,
In weakness and distress,
Brought down to that sad state for me,
Which angels can't express ;

2 When that great God, to whom I go
For help, amaz'd I view ;
By sin and sorrow sunk as low
As I—and lower too ;

3 (For all our sins we *his* may call,
As he sustain'd their weight :
How huge the heavy load of all,
When only *mine's* so great !)

4 Then, ravish'd with the rich belief
Of such a love as this,
I'm lost in wonder, melt with grief,

And faint beneath the bliss.

5 Prostrate I fall, asham'd of doubt,
And worship love divine.

Thus may I always be devout;
Be this religion mine.

6 In this alone I can confide:
Here's righteousness enough.
What's all the boast of nature's pride!
What unsubstantial stuff!

7 Rounds of dead service, forms, and ways,
Which some do so esteem,
Compar'd with this stupendous grace,
What *trivial* trash they seem?

8 Lord, help a worthless worm, so weak
He can do nothing good,
May all I act, or think, or speak,
Be sprinkled with thy blood.

HYMN 95. C. M.

*For the Law was given by Moses; but Grace and
Truth came by Jesus Christ. John 1. 17.*

1 Is then the law of God untrue,
Which he by Moses gave?

No: but to take it in this view,
That it has power to save.

- 2 Legal obedience were complete,
 Could we the law fulfil ;
But no man ever did so yet,
 And no man ever will.
- 3 The law was never meant to give
 New strength to man's lost race.
We cannot act before we live ;
 And life proceeds from grace.
- 4 But grace and truth by Christ are given,
 To him must Moses bow,
Grace fits the new born soul for heaven,
 And truth informs us how.
- 5 By Christ we enter into rest ;
 And triumph o'er the fall.
Whoe'er would be completely blest,
 Must trust to Christ for all.

HYMN 96.

Let God be true, but every man a liar. Rom. iii. 4.

- 1 THE God I trust,
 Is true and just,
His mercy hath no end,
 Himself hath said,
 My ransom's paid :
And I on him depend.
- 2 Then why so sad,
 My soul ? Tho' bad,

Thou hast a friend that's good :
 He bought thee dear ;
 (Abandon fear)
 He bought thee with his blood :

- 3 So rich a cost
 Can ne'er be lost,
 Though faith be tried by fire,
 Keep Christ in view :
 Let God be true,
 And ev'ry man a liar.

HYMN 97.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to to save you,
 Full of pity join'd with pow'r.
 He is able, he is able, he is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify :
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money, without money, without mo-
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy. [ney,
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream :
 All the fitness he requireth,

Is to feel your need of him.
This he gives you, this he gives you, this he
gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

- 4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If ye tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous, not the righteous, not the
righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 View him grov'ling in the garden;
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry, before he dies;
It is finish'd ; it is finish'd ; it is finish'd
Sinner, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly.
Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but Je-
Can do helpless sinners good. [sus,
- 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert.
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN 98. C. M.

*And the Lord went his way, as soon as he had left
communing with Abraham, and Abraham re-
turned unto his place. Gen. xviii. 33.*

- 1 WHEN Jesus with his mighty love
Visits my troubled breast,
My doubts subside, my fears remove,
And I'm completely blest.
- 2 I love the Lord with mind and heart,
His people and his ways ;
Envy, and pride, and lust depart,
And all his works I praise.
- 3 Nothing but Jesus I esteem ;
My soul is then sincere :
And ev'ry thing that's dear to him,
To me is also dear.
- 4 But ah ! when these short visits end,
Though not quite left alone,
I miss the presence of my Friend,
Like one whose comfort's gone.
- 5 I to my own sad place return,
My wretched state to feel .
I tire, and faint and mope, and mourn,
And am but barren still.
- 6 More frequent let thy visits be.

Or let them longer last;
 I can do nothing without thee,
 Make haste, my God, make haste.

HYMN 99. C. M.

Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.

Matth. ix. 2.

- 1 How high a priv'lege 'tis to know
 Our sins are all forgiv'n!
 To bear about this pledge below,
 This special grant of heav'n!
- 2 To look on this, when sunk in fears;
 While each repeated sight
 Like some reviving cordial cheers,
 And makes temptations light!
- 3 Oh! what is honor, wealth, or mirth,
 To this well grounded peace!
 How poor are all the goods of earth,
 To such a gift as this!
- 4 This is a treasure rich indeed,
 Which none but Christ can give:
 Of this the best of men have need—
 This I, the worst, receive.

HYMN 100. L. M.

The Same.

- 1 BLESSED are they whose guilt is gone,
 Whose sins are wash'd away with blood,

Whose hope is fixt on Christ alone—
Whom Christ hath reconcil'd to God.

- 2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Iniquity will not impute ;
Who vent'ring on his Saviour's word,
Of faith enjoys the peaceful fruit.
- 3 Tho' trav'ling thro' this vale of tears,
He many a sore temptation meets :
The Holy Ghost this witness bears,
He stands in Jesus still complete.
- 4 The pearl of price no works can claim ;
He that finds this, is rich indeed :
This pure white stone contains a name,
Which none, but who receives, can read.
- 5 This precious gift, this bond of love,
The Lord oft gives his people here :
But what we all shall be above,
Doth not, my brethren, yet appear.
- 6 Yet this we safely may believe,
'Tis what no words can e'er express :
What saints themselves cannot conceive,
And brightest angels can but guess.

HYMN 101. L. M.

Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire.
Zechariah. iii. 2.

- 1 Thus saith the Lord to those that stand,
And wait to hear his great command ;

- " I have a sinner to renew,
" And lo! this charge I give to you,
- 1 " Pull his polluted garments off,
" Here, soul, here's rament rich enough :
" Clothe thee with righteousness divine,
" Not creature's righteousness, but mine.
- 3 " Satan, avaunt— stand off, ye foes ;
" In vain ye rail. in vain oppose :
" Your cancell'd claim no more obtrude—
" He's mine, I bought him with my blood.
- 4 " Sinner, thou stand'st in me complete,
" Tho, they accuse thee, I acquit :
" I bore for thee avenging fire.
" And pluck'd thee burning from the fire."

HYMN 102. L. M.

Condescend to men of low estate. Rom. xii.16.

- 1 To you who stand in Christ so fast,
Ye know your faith shall ever last :
The Lord on whom that faith depends,
This kind important message sends.
- 2 If light exulting thoughts arise,
Your weaker brethren to despise,
Remember all to me are dear,
Who most is favor'd most should bear.

- 3 If strong thyself, support the weak;
 If well, be tender to the sick:
 To babes I oft reveal my mind,
 And they who seek my face shall find.
- 4 If faith be strong as well as true,
 Then strive that love may be so too:
 Boast not, but meek and lowly be,
 The humblest soul is most like me.
- 5 Should I, displeas'd, my face but turn,
 Ye sadly would your folly mourn:
 Who now seem best, would soon be worst;
 I often make the last the first.
- 6 Encourage souls that on me wait,
 And stoop to those of low estate:
 Contempt, or slight, I can't approve,
 Be love your aim, for I am love.

HYMN 103. S. M.

*O wretched man that I am! who will deliver
 me from the body of this death? Rom. vii. 24.*

- 1 How sore a plague is sin,
 To those by whom 'tis felt!
 The Christian cries, *unclean, unclean,*
 Even tho' releas'd from guilt.
- 2 O wretched, wretched man!
 What horrid scenes I view!
 I find, alas! do all I can,
 That I can nothing do.

- 3 When good I would perform,
Thro' fear of shame I stop:
Corruption rises, like a storm,
And blasts the promis'd crop.
- 4 Of peace if I'm in quest,
Or love my thought engage,
Envy and anger in my breast
That moment rise and rage.
- 5 When for an humble mind
To God I pour my pray'r,
I look into my heart, and find
That pride will still be there.
- 6 How long dear Lord, how long
Deliv'rance must I seek;
And fight with foes so very strong,
Myself so very weak?
- 7 I'll bear th' unequal strife,
And wage the war within;
Since death, that puts an end to life,
Shall put an end to sin.

HYMN 104. S. M.

I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Rom vii. 25.

- 1 Tho' void of all that's good,
And very, very poor

Thro' Christ I hope to be renew'd,
And live for evermore.

2 I view my own bad heart,
And see such evils there,
The sight with horror makes me start,
And tempts me to despair :

3 Then with a single eye
I look to Christ alone ;
And on his righteousness rely,
Tho' I myself have none.

4 By virtue of his blood
The Lord declares me clean :
Thus serves my mind the law of God,
My flesh the law of sin.

HYMN 105. C.M.

Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel,
Psalm lxxiii. 24.

1 WHENE'ER I make some sudden stop,
(For many such I make)
And cannot see the cloud clear'd up,
Nor know which path to take :

2 I to my Saviour speed my way,
To tell my dubious state :
Then listen what the Lord will say,
And hope to follow that.

- 3 If Jesus seem to hide his face,
What anxious fears I feel !
But if he deign to whisper peace,
I'm happy, all is well.
- 4 Confirm'd by one soft secret word,
I seek no further light ;
But walk, depending on my Lord,
By faith, and not by sight.
- 5 Of friends and counsellors bereft,
I often hear him say ;
" Decline not to the right nor left,
"Go on, lo here's the way."
- 6 Weak in myself, in him I'm strong,
His Spirit's voice I hear :
The way I walk cannot be wrong,
If Jesus be but there.
- 7 He is my helper and my guide :
I trust to him alone :
No other helps have I beside,
I venture all on one.

HYMN 106. C. M.

Blessed be ye poor. Luke vi, 20.

- 1 LORD, when I hear thy children talk,
(And I believe 'tis often true)
How with delight thy ways they walk,
And gladly thy commandments do.

- 2 In my own breast I look and read
Accounts so very diff'rent there,
That, had I not thy blood to plead,
Each sight would sink me to despair.
- 3 Needy, and naked, and unclean,
Empty of good, and full of ill,
A lifeless lump of loathsome sin,
Without the pow'r to act or will!
- 4 I feel my fainting spirits droop,
My wretched leanness I deplore,
'Till gladden'd with a gleam of hope
From this—"The Lord has blest *the poor!*"
- 5 Then, while I make my secret moan,
Upwards I cast my eyes, and see,
Tho' I have nothing of my own,
My treasure is immense in thee.
- 6 Still may I keep thy love in view,
Lean there, nor envy those that run:
Still trust to— not what I can do,
But what thyself hast for me done.
- 7 My treasure is thy precious blood,
Fix there my heart. and for the rest,
Under thy forming hands, my God,
'Give me that frame which thou lik'st best.

HYMN 107. 3's & 7's.

A general Admonition.

- 1 Brethren, why toil ye thus for toys,
And reckon trash for treasure ;
Call gay deceptions solid joys,
Intoxication pleasure?
- 2 If more refin'd amusements please,
As knowledge, arts or learning :
A moment puts an end to these,
And sometimes short's the warning,
- 3 What balm could wretches ever find
In wit to heal affliction ?
Or who can cure a troubled mind,
With all the pomp of diction ?
- 4 Reflect, what trifles ye pursue
So anxious and so heedful ;
For after all (you'll find it true)
There is but one thing needful.
- 5 God in his scriptures to reveal
His will has condescended ;
What there is said he will fulfil,
Tho' man may be offended.
- 6 This written word with rev'rence treat.
Join pray'r with each inspection ;
And be not wise in self conceit,
Tis folly to perfection.

- 7 True wisdom, of celestial birth,
Can both instruct and cherish.
Other attainments of earth,
And all that's earth, must perish.
- 8 The chief concern of fall'n mankind
Should be to gain God's favor;
What safety can the sinner find,
Before he find a Saviour?
- 9 This Saviour must be one that can
From sin and death release us;
Make up the breach 'twixt God and man,
Which none can do but Jesus.
- 10 Jesus is judge of quick and dead,
And there is none beside him:
Whether his pow'r we slight or dread,
Adore him, or deride him.
- 11 Whate'er we judge ourselves, we must,
Or stand, or fall by *his* doom:
And they that in this Jesus trust,
Have found eternal wisdom
- 12 Mercy, and love, from Jesus felt,
Can heal a wounded spirit;
Mercy, that triumphs over guilt,
And love that seeks no merit.
- 13 Then kiss the Son, for from his wrath
No wisdom can deliver:

Close in Christ by saving faith,
And God's your friend for ever

HYMN 108. C. M.

*Because thou sayest I am rich, and increased with
goods. Revelation iii. 17.*

- 1 WHAT makes mistaken men afraid
Of sov'reign grace to preach?
The reason is (if truth be said)
Because they are so *rich*
- 2 Why so offensive in their eyes
Doth God's election seem ?
Because they think themselves so wise
That they have chosen *him*
- 3 Of perseverance why so loth
Are some to speak or hear ?
Because, as masters over sloth,
They vow to persevere.
- 4 Whence is imputed righteousness,
A point so little known ?
Because men think they all possess
Some righteousness their own.
- 5 Not so the needy helpless soul
Prefers his humble pray'r :
He looks to him that works the whole,
And sees his treasure there.

- 6 His language is, " Let *me*, my God ;
 " On sovereign grace rely ;
 " And own 'tis free, because bestow'd
 " On one so vile as I.
- 7 " *Election !* 'Tis a word divine ;
 " For, Lord, I plainly see,
 " Had not thy choice prevented mine,
 " I ne'er had chosen *thee*.
- 8 " For *persevering* strength I've none,
 " But would on this depend,
 " That *Jesus* having lov'd his own,
 " He lov'd them to the end.
- 9 " Empty and bare I come to thee,
 " For righteousness divine :
 " O may thy matchless merits be,
 " By *imputation* mine."
- 10 Thus differ these, yet hoping each
 To make salvation sure
 Now most men would approve the *rich*
 But Christ has blest the *poor*.

HYMN 109.

For thine is the kingdom, &c. Matth.

- 1 YE souls that are weak,
 And helpless, and poor,
 Who know not to speak,
 Much less to do more,
 Lo ! here's a foundation

For comfort and peace ;
In Christ is salvation,
The kingdom is *his*.

2 With pow'r he rules,
And wonders performs ;
Gives conduct to fools,
And courage to worms,
Beset by sore evils
Without and within,
By legions of devils,
And mountains of sin.

3 Then be not afraid,
All pow'r is giv'n
To Jesus our head,
In earth and in heav'n,
Thro' him we shall conquer
The mightiest foes,
Our Captain is stronger
Than all that oppose.

4 His pow'r from above
He'll kindly impart,
So free is his love,
So tender his heart,
Redeem'd with his merit,
We're wash'd in his blood ;
Renew'd by his Spirit,
We've pow'r with God.

- 5 Thy grace we adore,
Director divine,
The kingdom, and pow'r,
And glory are thine,
Preserve us from running
On rocks or on shelves;
From foes strong and cunning,
And most from ourselves.
- 6 Reign o'er us as king;
Accomplish thy will,
And pow'rfully bring
Us forth from all ill;
Till falling before thee,
We laud thy lov'd name,
Ascribing the glory
To God and the Lamb.

HYMN 110. L. M.

*Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised
again for our justification. Rom. iv. 25.*

- 1 JESUS, when on the bloody tree
He hung, thro' soul and body pierc'd,
(That all things might accomplish'd be
Contain'd in scripture) said, *I thirst.*
- 2 *Hyssop*, the plant ordain'd by God,
And held by Jews in high esteem,
Which sprinkled them with paschal blood,
Sharp vinegar convey'd to him.

- 3 This done, our dear our dying Lord,
Exerts his short expiring breath;
Utters this rich important word,
'Tis *finish'd*; and submits to death.
- 4 Henceforth an end is put to sin,
(The important word implies no less)
Now for believers is brought in
An everlasting righteousness.
- 5 The Son of God and man has died,
Sinners as black as hell to save;
And, that they might be justified,
Is ris'n victorious from the grave.
- 6 In heav'n he lives, our king, our priest,
There for his people ever pleads;
How sure is our salvation! Christ
Died, rose, ascended, intercedes.

HYMN 111.

For he shall not speak of himself. John xvi. 13.

- 1 WHATEVER prompts the soul to pride,
Or gives us room to boast,
(Except in Jesus crucified)
Is not the Holy Ghost.
- 2 That blessed Spir't omits to speak
Of what himself has done;
And bids th' enlighten'd sinner seek
Salvation in the Son.

- 3 He seldom moves a man to say,
 "Thank God I'm made so good;"
 But turns his eye another way,
 To Jesus and his blood.
- 4 Great are the graces he confers
 But all in Jesus' name;
 He gladly dictates, gladly hears,
 "*Salvation to the Lamb.*"

HYMN 112.

And ye are complete in him. Col. ii. 10.

- 1 WHEN is it Christians all agree,
 And let distinctions fall?
 When, nothing in themselves, they see
 That Christ is all in all.
- 2 But strife and difference will subsist,
 While men will something seem.
 Let them but singly look to Christ,
 And all are one in *Him*.
- 3 The infant and the aged saint,
 The worker, and the weak;
 They who are strong, and seldom faint,
 And they who scarce can speak,
- 4 Eternal life's the gift of God,
 It comes thro' Christ alone.
 'Tis his, he bought it with his blood;
 And therefore give *his own*.

- 5 We have no life, no power, no faith,
 But what by Christ is giv'n.
 We all deserve eternal death :
 And thus we all are ev'n,

HYMN 113.

The outcast of Israels

- 1 LORD, pity outcasts vile and base,
 The poor dependants on thy grace,
 Whom men disturbers call.
 By sinners and by saints withstood,
 For *these* too bad, for *those* too good
 Condemn'd or shunn'd by all.
- 2 Tho' faithful Abr'ham us reject,
 And tho' his ransom'd race, elect,
 Agree to give us up ;
 Thou art our Father, and thy name
 From everlasting is the same ;
 On that we build our hope.

HYMN 114.

For the Lord's Supper. 20 Hymns ;

- 1 THE king of heaven a feast has made,
 And to his much lov'd friends,
 The faint, the famish'd and the sad,
 This invitation sends :

- 2 " Beggars, approach my royal board,
 " Furnish'd with all that's good :
 " Come, sit at table with your Lord,
 " And eat celestial food.
- 3 " My body and my blood receive,
 " It comes entirely free ;
 " I ask no price for all I give ;
 " But O, remember *me*.
- 4 Lo! at thy gracious bidding, Lord,
 Tho' vile and base, we come ;
 O, speak the reconciling word,
 And welcome wand'rers home.
- 5 Rich wine, and milk, and heavenly meat,
 We come to buy, and live,
 Since *nothing* is the price that's set,
 And we have nought to give.
- 6 Impart to all thy flock below
 The blessings of thy death.
 On ev'ry begging soul bestow
 Thy love, thy hope, thy faith.
- 7 May each, with strength from heav'n endu'd,
 Say, " My Beloved's mine :
 " I eat his flesh and drink his blood,
 " In signs of bread and wine.

HYMN 115.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord has made :
Rejoice, my friends, to see
His royal table richly spread
For such vile worms as we.
- 2 YE beggars, from your dunghills rise,
Cast off your rags of shame,
Open, ye blind, your long clos'd eyes ;
And leap for joy, ye lame.
- 3 Come, and with regal robes be clad,
All at the cost of Christ.
Come, ev'ry one a king be made,
And ev'ry one a priest.
- 4 Welcome, poor sinner, welcome here,
Leave all thy cares behind.
Dismiss thy doubt, cast off thy fear ;
Give reas'nings to the wind.
- 5 Believe thy God, believe his word,
His Spirit, and his Son.
Only believe thy dying Lord,
And all the work is done.
- 6 Come, eat his flesh, and drink his blood,
Make all his merits thine.
Sure as thy body lives on food,
And feels the strength of wine.

HYMN 116. S. M.

- 1 GLORY to God on high ;
Our peace is made with heav'n ;
The Son of God came down to die,
That sin might be forgiv'n.
- 2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruise'd, for sin ;
Remember *this* in eating bread,
And *that* in drinking wine.
- 3 Approach his royal board,
In his rich garments clad.
Join ev'ry tongue to praise the Lord ;
And ev'ry heart be glad.
- 4 The Father gives the Son ;
The Son his flesh and blood
The Spir't applies, and faith puts on
The righteousness of God.
- 5 Sinners, the gift receive,
And each say, " I am chief :
" Thou know'st, O Lord, I would believe ;
" Oh! help my unbelief."
- 6 Lord, help us from above,
The power is all thy own,
Faith is thy gift, and hope, and love ?
For of ourselves we've none.

HYMN 117. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of heav'n, almighty King,
How wond'rous is thy love !
That worms of dust thy praise should sing,
And thou their songs approve !
- 2 Since by a new and living way
Access to thee is giv'n,
Poor sinners may with boldness pray,
And earth converse with heav'n.
- 3 Give each some token, Lord, for good,
And send the Spirit down,
To feed us with celestial food,
The body of thy Son.
- 4 The feast thou hast been pleas'd to make,
We would by faith receive :
That all that come their part may take,
And all that take may live.
- 5 Let ev'ry tongue the Father own :
Who, when, we all were lost,
To seek and save us sent the Son,
And gives the Holy Ghost.

HYMN 118 C. M.

- 1 LORD, who can hear of all thy woe,
Thy groans and dying cries,

*And not feel tears of sorrow flow,
And sighs of pity rise ?*

2 Much harder than the hardest stone
That man's hard heart must be.
*Alas ! dear Lord, with shame we own,
That just such hearts have we.*

3 The symbols of thy flesh and blood
Will (as they have been oft)
With unrelenting hearts be view'd
Unless thou make them soft.

4 Dissolve these rocks call forth the stream,
Make ev'ry eye a sluice :
Let none be slow to weep for him,
Who wept so much for us.

5 And while we mourn, and sing, and pray,
And feed on bread and wine,
Lord, let thy quick'ning Spir't convey
The substance with the sign.

HYMN 119. C M.

1 THE blest memorials of thy grief,
Thy suff'rings, and thy death,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive ;
But would receive with faith.

2 The tokens sent us, to relieve
Our spirits when they droop,

We come, dear Savior, to receive ;
But would receive with hope.

3 The pledges thou wast pleas'd to leave,
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive ;
But would receive with love.

4 Here, in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine ;
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,
For all beyond is thine.

5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love ;
Lord, give us all that's good,
We would thy full salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

HYMN 120. 6's & 8's.

1 JOIN ev'ry tongue to sing
The mercies of the Lord,
The love of Christ our King
Let ev'ry heart record.
He sav'd us from the wrath of God,
And paid our ransom with his blood.

2 What wond'rous grace was this ?
We sinn'd, and Jesus died ;
He wrought the righteousness,
And we were justified.

We ran the score to lengths extreme ;
And all the debt was charg'd on him.

- 3 Hell was our just desert -
And he that hell endur'd.
Guilt broke his guiltless heart,
With wrath that we incurr'd.
We bruise'd his body, spilt his blood ;
And both became our heav'nly food.

HYMN 121.

- 1 HAIL, thou Bridegroom bruise'd to death !
Who hast the wine press trod
Of th' Almighty's burning wrath,
Hail, slaughter'd Lamb of God !
Melt our hearts with love like thine,
While we behold thee on the tree,
Sweetly mourning o'er each sign,
In memory of thee,
- 2 Hail, thou mighty Saviour ! blest
Before the world began
In the eternal Father's breast.
Hail, Son of God and man !
Thee we hymn in humble strains,
And to receive we all agree
These blest symbols of thy pains
In memory of thee.

- 3 Break, O break these hearts of stone,
By some endearing word.
Jesus come; may ev'ry one
Behold his suff'ring Lord.
Th' Holy Ghost into us breathe
Help us to take, from doubtings free
These dear tokens of thy death,
In memory of thee.
- 4 Thou, our great Melchisedec,
Bring'st forth thy bread and wine,
Thou hast wrought out for our sake
A righteousness divine,
Send thy blessing from above.
When worms partake, such worms as we,
These rich pledges of thy love
In memory of thee.

HYMN 122. L. M.

- 1 Oh! that our flinty hearts would melt,
While to remembrance, Lord, we call
Part of that weight which thou hast felt;
For who can comprehend it all!
- 2 Ye sinners, while these symbols dear
Present your suff'ring Lord to view,
Drop the soft tribute of a tear;
For he shed many a tear for you.
- 3 In the sad garden, on the wood,
His body bruis'd, from ev'ry part,

Pour'd on the ground a purple flood,
'Till sorrow broke his tender heart.

- 4 Lord, while we thus shew forth thy death,
O send thy Spirit from above :
Help us to feed on thee by faith ;
And sigh, and sing, and mourn, and love.

HYMN 123. S. M.

- 1 WHEN thro' the desert vast,
The chosen tribes were led,
They could not plough, nor till, nor sow
Yet never wanted bread.
- 2 Around their wand'ring camp
The copious manna fell :
Strew'd on the ground, a food they found,
But *what*, they could not tell.
- 3 But better bread by far,
Is now to Christians given ;
Poor sinners eat immortal meat,
The living bread from heaven :
- 4 We eat the flesh of Christ ;
Who is the bread of God.
Their food was coarse, compar'd with ours
Tho' theirs was angels' food.

HYMN 124. S. M.

- 1 LORD, send thy Spirit down
On babes that long to learn,
Open our eyes ; and make us wise.
Thy body to discern.
- 2 'Tis by thy word we live,
And not by bread alone ;
The word of truth from thy blest mouth :
O, make it clearly known.
- 3 With what we have receiv'd
Impart thy quick'ning power,
We would be fed with living bread,
And live for evermore.

HYMN 125. L. M.

- 1 PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
Who would believe thy gracious word
But own my heart, with shame and grief,
A sink of sin and unbelief.
- 2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room :
And vent'ring hard behold I come.
But can there, tell me, can there be,
Among thy children room for *me*.
- 3 I eat the bread, and drink the wine :
But oh ! my soul wants more than sign.
I faint, unless I feed on Thee,
And drink thy blood as shed for *me*.

- 4 For sinners, Lord thou cam'st to bleed :
And I'm a sinner, vile indeed !—
Lord, I believe thy grace is free ;
O, magnify thy grace in *me*.

HYMN 126. C. M.

- 1 THE tender mercies of the Lord
On those that fear his name,
For ev'ry thankful tongue afford
An everlasting theme.
- 2 He pities all that feel his fear,
When wounded, pain'd or weak :
As tender mothers grieve to hear
Their infants moan, when sick.
- 3 He to the needy and the faint
His mighty aid makes known ;
And when their languid life is spent,
Supplies it with his own.
- 4 The body in his bounty shares,
Sustain'd with corn and wine :
But for the soul himself prepares
A banquet more divine.
- 5 By faith received his flesh and blood
Shall life eternal give :
For he that eats immortal food
Immortally must live.

HYMN 127. 6's & 8's.

- 1 WHEN Jesus undertook
To rescue ruin'd man,
The realms of bliss forsook,
And to relieve us ran ;
He spar'd no pains, declined no load,
Resolv'd to buy us with his blood.
- 2 No harsh commands he gave,
No hard conditions brought.
He came to seek and save,
And pardon ev'ry fault.
Poor trembling sinners, hear his call ;
They come, and he forgives them all.
- 3 When thus we're reconcil'd,
He sets no rig'rous tasks.
His yoke is soft and mild ;
For love is all he asks :
Ev'n *that* from him we first receive,
For well he knows we've none to give.
- 4 This pure and heav'nly gift
Within our hearts to move,
The dying Saviour left
These tokens of his love :
Which seem to say, "While this ye do,
"Remember him that died for you."

HYMN 128. C. M. D.

- 1 THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb of sinners slain,
Did almost with his latest breath
This solemn feast ordain.
To keep thy feast, Lord, are we met ;
And to remember Thee.
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
For me, he died, for me.
- 2 Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings :
We eat the bread, and drink the wine ;
But think on nobler things.
O, tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants to Thee,
To sing " Hosanna to the Lamb,
" The Lamb that died for *me.*" *Hal.*

HYMN 129. 7's.

- 1 JESUS, once for sinners slain, *Hal.*
From the dead was rais'd again ;
And in heaven is now set down
With his Father in his throne.
- 2 There he reigns a King supreme ;
We shall also reign with Him.
Feeble souls, be not dismay'd :
Trust in his almighty aid.

- 3 He has made an end of sin,
And his blood hath wash'd us clean.
Fear not, he is ever near :
Now, even now, he's with us here.
- 4 Thus assembling we, by faith,
Till he come, shew forth his death.
Of his body bread's the sign :
And we drink his blood in wine.
- 5 Bread thus broken aptly shews
How his body God did bruise :
When the grape's rich blood we see,
Lord, we then remember Thee.
- 6 Saints on earth, with saints above,
Celebrate his dying love.
And let ev'ry ransom'd soul
Sound his praise from pole to pole.

HYMN 130. S. M.

- 1 THE God, that first us chose,
Th' eternal Father praise.
What wondrous bounties he bestows !
And by what wondrous ways !
- 2 His creatures all are fill'd,
By him with proper food :
But O ! he gives to ev'ry child
His Son's own flesh and blood.

- 3 Here hungry souls appear,
And eat celestial bread.
The needy beggar banquets here,
With royal dainties fed.
- 4 Here thirsty souls approach,
And drink immortal wine.
The entertainment is for such,
Prepar'd by grace divine.
- 5 God bids us bring no price,
The feast is furnish'd free :
His bounteous hand the poor supplies,
And who more poor than we ?
- 6 His Spirit from above
Our Father sends us down :
And looks with everlasting love
On all that love the Son.

HYMN 131. C. M.

Before Preaching.

- 1 ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask,
O may not duty seem a load !
Nor worship prove a task.
- 2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

- 3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.
- 4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessings suit.
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce a copious fruit.
- 5 Bid the refreshing north wind wake;
Say to the south wind blow;
Let every plant the power partake,
And all the garden grow.
- 6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs
The cold with warmth divine.
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

HYMN 132. L. M.

The fear of the Lord. 2 Hymns.

- 1 HAPPY the men that fear the Lord,
They from the paths of sin depart,
Rejoice and tremble at his word,
And hide it deep within the heart.
- 2 They in his mercy hope, thro' grace;
Revere his judgments, not contemn,
In pleasing him their pleasure's plac'd
And his delight is plac'd in them.

- 3 This fear, a rich and endless store,
Preserves the soul from pois'nous pride,
The heart that wants this fear is poor,
Whatever it possess beside.
- 4 This treasure was by Christ possest.
In this his understanding stood.
And ev'ry one that's with it blest,
Has free redemption in his blood.

HYMN 133. S. M.

- 1 THE men that fear the Lord,
In ev'ry state are blest.
The Lord will grant whate'er they want,
Their souls shall dwell at rest.
- 2 His secrets they shall share ;
His covenant shall learn :
Guided by grace, shall walk his ways,
And heavenly truth discern.
- 3 He pities all their griefs ;
When sinking, makes them swim.
He dries their tears, relieves their fears ;
And bids them trust in him.
- 4 In his remembrance-book,
The Saviour sets them down,
Accounting each a jewel rich ;
And calls them all his own.

5 This fear's the Spirit of faith;
And confidence that's strong;
An unctuous light to all that's right,
A bar to all that's wrong.

6 It gives religion life
To warm as well as light;
Makes mercy sweet, salvation great,
And all God's judgments right.

HYMN 134. S. M.

I will sing of mercy and of judgment.

Pslam ci. i.

- 1 Thy mercy, Lord, we praise;
Of judgment too we sing:
For all the riches of thy grace,
Our grateful tribute bring.
- 2 Mercy may justly claim
A sinner's thankful voice;
And judgment joining in the theme,
We tremble and rejoice.
- 3 Thy mercies bids us trust;
Thy judgments strike with awe:
We fear the last, we bless the first
And love thy righteous law.
- 4 Who can thy acts express?
Or trace thy wondrous ways?

How glorious is thy holiness !
How terrible thy praise !

- 5 Thy goodness how immense
To those that fear thy name !
Thy love surpasses thought or sense
And always is the same.
- 6 Thy judgments are too deep
For reason's line to sound.
Thy tender mercies to thy sheep
No bottom know, nor bound

HYMN 135. S. M. D.

Character and offices of Christ.

- 1 CHRIST is the eternal Rock,
On which his church is built;
The Shepherd of his little flock;
The Lamb that took our guilt;
Our Counsellor ; our Guide ;
Our Brother, and our Friend ;
The Bridegroom of his chosen bride,
Who loves her to the end.
- 2 He is the Son to free ;
The Bishop he to bless ;
The full Propitiation he ;
The Lord our Righteousness.
His body's glorious Head,
Our Advocate that pleads,

Our Priest that pray'd, aton'd, and bled,
And ever intercedes.

3 Let all obedient souls

Their grateful tribute bring ;
Submit to Jesu's righteous rules,
And bow before their King.

Our Prophet Christ expounds
His and our Father's will.

This good Physician cures our wounds,
With tenderness and skill.

4 When sin had sadly made

'Twixt wrath and mercy strife,
Our dear Redeemer dearly paid
Our ransom with his life.

Faith gives the full release :

Our Surety for us stood :
The Mediator made the peace,
And sign'd it with his blood.

5 Soldiers, your Captain own.

Domestics, serve your Lord.
Sinners, the Saviour's love make known ;
Saints, hymn th' incarnate Word :
The Witness sure and true
Of God's good will to men,
The Alpha and th' Omega too,
The first and last Amen.

6 Poor pilgrims shall not stray,

Who frightened, flee from wrath :

A bleeding Jesus is the Way,
And blood tracks all the path.
Christians in Christ obtain
The Truth that can't deceive.
And never shall they die again,
Who in the Life believe.

HYMN 136. C. M. D.

Praise for creation and redemption.

- 1 WHILE heavenly hosts their anthems sing,
In realms above the sky,
Let worms of earth their tribute bring,
And laud the Lord most high.
In thankful notes your voices raise,
Ye ransom'd of the Lord :
And sing the eternal Father's praise,
The God by all ador'd.
- 2 All creatures to his bounty owe
Their being and their breath ;
But greatest gratitude should flow
In men redeem'd from death.
His only Son he deign'd to give ;
(What love this gift declares !)
And all that in the Son believe,
Eternal life is theirs.

HYMN 137.

Put on the whole armour of God. Eph. vi.

- 1 GIRD thy loins up, Christian soldier,
Lo thy Captain calls thee out :
Let the danger make thee bolder .
War in weakness, dare in doubt.
Buckle on thy heavenly armour :
Patch up no inglorious peace :
Let thy courage wax the warmer,
As thy foes and fears increase.
- 2 Bind thy golden girdle round thee,
Truth to keep thee firm and right :
Never shall thy foe confound thee,
While the truth maintains thy fight.
Righteousness within thee rooted,
May appear to take thy part :
But let righteousness imputed
Be the breast-plate of thy heart.
- 3 Shod with gospel-preparation,
In the paths of promise tread.
Let the hope of free salvation,
As an helmet, guard thy head.
When beset with various evils,
Wield the Spirit's two-edg'd sword :
Cut thy way through hosts of devils
While they fall before the word.

- 4 But when dangers closer threaten,
And thy soul draws near to death ;
When assaulted sore by Satan,
Then object the shield of faith ;
Fiery darts of fierce temptations,
Intercepted by thy God,
There shall lose their force in patience,
Sheath'd in love, and quench'd in blood.
- 5 Though to speak thou be not able,
Always pray, and never rest.
Prayer's a weapon for the feeble :
Weakest souls can wield it best.
Ever on thy Captain calling,
Make thy worst condition known.
He shall hold thee up when falling ;
Or shall lift thee up when down.

HYMN 138. L. P. M.

Desertion.

- 1 Deep in a cold a joyless cell,
A doleful gulph of gloomy care !
Where dismal doubts and darkuess dwell,
The dangerous brink of black despair :
Chill'd by the icy damps of death,
I feel no firm support of faith.
- 2 How can a burden'd cripple rise ?
How can a fether'd captive flee ?

Ah ! Lord, direct my wishful eyes ;
 And let me look, at least, to thee.
 Alas ! my sinking spirits droop.
 I scarce perceive a glimpse of hope.

- 3 Extend thy mercy, gracious God,
 Thy quick'ning Spir't vouchsafe to send
 Apply thy reconciling blood,
 And kindly call thy foe thy friend
 Or if rich cordials thou deny,
 Let patience comfort's place supply.
- 4 Let hope survive, tho' dampt by doubt,
 Do thou defend my shatter'd shield.
 Oh ! let me never quite give out
 Help me to keep the bloody field.
 Lord, look upon th' unequal strife.
 Delay not, lest I lose my life.

HYMN 139. M. C.

Christ's Resurrection. 4 Hymns.

- 1 SEE from the dungeon of the dead
 Our great deliv'rer rise ;
 While conquest wreaths his heavenly head,
 And glory glads his eyes.
- 2 The struggling Hero, strong to save,
 Did all our mis'ries bear
 Down to the chambers of the dead,
 And left the burden there.

- 4 See, how the well pleas'd angel rolls
The stone ; and opes the pris'n.
Lift up your heads ye sin sick souls,
And sing, *The Lord is ris'n.*
- 4 No more indictments justice draws,
It sets the soul at large,
Our surety undertook the cause;
And faith's a full discharge.
- 5 To save us, our Redeemer died ;
To justify us, rose,
Where's the condemning power beside
Has right to interpose ?
- 6 The Lord is ris'n, thou trembling soul
Let fears no more confound,
Let heaven and earth from pole to pole
The Lord is ris'n resound.

HYMN 140 L. M.

- 1 BELIEVER, lift thy drooping head ;
Thy Saviour has the vict'ry gain'd
See all thy foes in triumph led,
And everlasting life obtain'd.
- 2 God from the grave has rais'd his Son,
The powers of darkness are despoil'd,
Justice declares the work is done,
And God and man are reconcil'd.

- 3 Lo ! the Redeemer leaves the tomb ;
See the triumphant hero rise ;
His mighty arms their strength resume ;
And conquest sparkles in his eyes.
- 4 Death his death's wound has now receiv'd,
An end of sin's entirely made ;
Pris'ners of hope are quite repriev'd, |
And all the dreadful debt is paid.
- 5 Christians, for whom the Lord was slain,
Give him the purchase of his blood.
Let sin no longer in you reign,
But dedicate your souls to God.
- 6 Earth's empty toys no more esteem :
Your minds from worldly things remove,
Let your affections rise with him,
And set your hearts on things above.

HYMN 141.

- 1 CHRISTIANS, dismiss your fear :
Let hope and joy succeed,
The great good news with gladness hear,
The Lord is ris'n indeed.
The shades of death withdrawn,
His eyes their beams display :
So wakes the sun when rosy dawn
Unbars the gates of day.

- 2 The promise is fulfill'd,
Salvation's work is done.
Justice with mercy's reconcil'd,
And God has rais'd his Son,
He quits the dark abode,
From all corruption free,
The holy, harmless child of God
Could no corruption see.
- 3 Angels with saints above
The rising Victor sing:
And all the blissful seats of love
With loud hosannas ring.
Ye pilgrims too below,
Your hearts and voices raise.
Let every breast with gladness glow
And ev'ry mouth sing praise.
- 4 My soul, thy Saviour land;
Who all thy sorrows bore.
Who died for sin; but lives to God;
And lives to die no more.
His death procur'd thy peace.
His resurrection's thine,
Believe: receive the full release
'Tis sign'd with blood divine.

HYMN 142. L. M.

Christ's Ascention. 2 Hymns.

- 1 Now for a theme of thankful praise,
To tune the stamm'rer's tongue :
Christians, your hearts and voices raise,
And join the joyful song.
- 2 The Lord's ascended up on high,
Deck'd with resplendent wounds,
While shouts of vict'ry rend the sky,
And heav'n with joy resounds.
- 3 See from the regions of the dead,
Thro' all the etherial plains,
The pow'rs of darkness captive led,
The Dragon dragg'd in chains.
- 4 Ye eternal gates your leaves unfold,
Receive the conqu'ring King :
Ye angels, strike your harps of gold.
And saints triumphant sing.
- 6 Sinners, rejoice, he died for *you* ;
For *you* prepares a place ;
Sends down his spirit to guide you thro',
With ev'ry gift and grace.
- 6 His blood which did your sins atone,
For your salvation pleads ;
And seated on his Father's throne,
He reigns, and intercedes.

HYMN 143. 7's & 6's.

Hal.

- 1 JESUS, our triumphant head,
Ris'n victorious from the dead,
To the realms of glory's gone,
To ascend his rightful throne.
- 2 Cherubs on the conqu'ror gaze.
Seraphs glow with brighter blaze.
Each bright order of the sky,
Hail him, as he passes by.
- 3 Saints the glorious triumph meet;
See their enemies at his feet.
By his scars his toils are view'd,
And his garments roll'd in blood.
- 4 Heav'n its King congratulates;
Opens wide her golden gates.
Angels songs of vict'ry sing;
All the blissful regions ring.
- 5 Sinners, join the heav'nly pow'rs :
For redemption all is ours.
None but burden'd sinners prove
Blood-bought pardon, dying love.
- 6 Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord ;
Holy Lamb, incarnate Word !
Hail, thou suff'ring Son of God !
Take the trophies of thy blood.

HYMN 144.

True and False Faith.

- 1 FAITH's a convincing proof,
A substance sound and sure,
That keeps the soul secur'd enough,
But makes it not secure.
- 2 Notion's the harlot's test,
By which the truth's revil'd;
The child of fancy finely drest,
But not the living child.
- 3 Faith is by knowledge fed,
And with obedience mixt:
Notion is empty, cold, and dead,
And fancy's never fixt.
- 4 True faith's the life of God,
Deep in the heart it lies:
It lives, and labors under load,
Tho' dampt, it never dies.
- 5 A weak'ning, empty grace,
That makes us strong and full;
False faith, tho' stout and full in face,
Weakens and starves the soul.
- 6 Opinions in the head
True faith as far excels,
As body differs from a shade,
Or kernels from the shells.

- 7 'To see good bread or wine
Is not to eat or drink :
So some, who hear the word divine,
Do not *believe*, but *think*,
- 8 True faith refines the heart,
And purifies with blood ;
Takes the whole gospel, not a part,
And holds the fear of God.

HYMN 145. L. M.

Sickness. 2 Hymns.

- 1 LORD, hear a restless wretch's groans,
To thee my soul in secret moans :
My body's weak, my heart's unclean,
I pine with sickness and with sin.
- 2 My strength decays, my spirits droop,
Bow'd down with guilt I can't look up :
I lose my life, I lose my soul,
Except thy mercy makes me whole.
- 3 Thou know'st what 'tis, Lord, to be sick,
And, tho' almighty, hast been weak :
Sin thou hast none, and yet didst die
For guilty sinners, such as I.
- 4 Sin's rankling sores my soul corrode ;
Oh ! heal them with thy balmy blood ;
And if thou dost my health restore,
Lord, let me ne'er offend thee more.

- 5 Or if I never more must rise,
But death's cold hand must close my eyes,
Pardon my sins, and take me home,
O come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

HYMN 146. L. M.

- 1 WHEN pining sickness wastes the frame,
Acute disease, or tiring pain:
When life fast spends her feeble flame,
And all the help of man proves vain:
- 2 Joyless and flat all things appear:
The spir'ts are languid, thin the flesh;
Med'cines can't ease, nor cordials cheer;
Nor food support, nor sleep refresh:
- 3 Then, then to have recourse to God;
To pour a pray'r in time of need:
And feel the balm of Jesus' blood—
'This is to find a friend indeed.
- 4 And this, O Christian, is thy lot,
Who cleav'st to the Lord by faith.
He'll never leave thee (doubt it not)
In pain, in sickness, or in death.
- 5 When flesh decays, and heart thus fails,
He shall thy strength and portion be:
Shall take thy weakness, bear thy ails;
And softly whisper, "trust in Me."

- 6 Himself shall be thy helping friend ;
 Thy good physician, nay, thy nurse :
 To make thy bed shall condescend,
 And from th' affliction take the curse.
- 7 Should'st thou a moment's absence mourn ;
 Should some short darkness intervene ;
 He'll give the power, till light return,
 To trust him with the cloud between.

HYMN 147. L. M.

Death. 3 Hymns.

- 1 YE sons of men, the warning take,
 A moment brings us all to dust.
 Awake from sin ; from sloth awake.
 Reflect in what you put your trust.
- 2 Life is a lily, fair to-day,
 To-morrow into th' oven thrown ;
 Health soon will fail, and strength decay,
 No help in pow'r, in riches none.
- 3 Ah ! what avails the pompous pall ?
 The *sable stoles** the plumed hearse ?
 To rot within some sacred wall,
 Or wound a stone with lying verse ?
- 4 'Tis destin'd, all men once must die,
 And after death receive their doom.

* Black robes.

Then whither will th' ungodly fly?
Or those who carelessly presume?

- 5 Blessed are they and only they,
Who in the Lord, the Saviour die;
Their bodies wait redemption's day,
And sleep in peace where'er they lie.
- 6 Where is thy vict'ry, where thy sting,
Thou ghastly king of terrors, death;
We worms defy thee, while we sing,
And trample on thy pow'r by faith.

HYMN 148. C. M.

- 1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear—
Repent: thy end is nigh:
Death at the farthest can't be far:
Oh! think before thou die.
- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save:
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence,
His time there's none can tell:
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume:

But, ah ! destruction stops not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day, the gospel calls, to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you :
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue :

6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood,
How vile soe'er he be ;
Abundant pardon, peace with God,
All giv'n entirely free.

HYMN 149. S. M.

1 YE bold blaspheming souls,
Whose conscience nothing scares :
Ye carnal cold professing fools,
Whose state's as bad as theirs :

2 Ye strong deluded lights,
Whose faith's too stout to pray ;
And ye, whom proud perfection cheats,
As free from sin as *they*;

3 The awful change, not far,
Dissolves each golden dream :
Death will distinguish what you are,
From what you only seem.

4 Repent, or you're undone,
And pray to God with speed :

Perhaps the truth may yet be known,
And make you free indeed.

5 The hour of death draws nigh,
'Tis time to drop the mask :
Fall at the feet of Christ, and cry ;
He gives to all that ask.

6 Good Shepherd of the sheep,
Abolisher of death,
O give us all repentance deep,
And purifying faith.

HYMN 150. L. M.

4 *Funeral Hymns.*

1 THE spirits of the just,
Confin'd in bodies, groan,
'Till death consigns the corpse to dust,
And then the conflict's done.

2 Jesus. who came to save,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Perfum'd the chambers of the grave,
And made ev'n death our gain.

3 Why fear we then to trust
The place where Jesus lay?
In quiet rests our *brother's* dust,
And thus it seems to say :

- 4 “ Forbear, my friend, to weep,
 “ Since death has lost its sting :
 “ Those Christians that in Jesus sleep,
 “ Our God will with him bring.”
- 5 This message then receive,
 And grief indulge no more :
Return to work awhile, believe,
 And wait the welcome hour.

HYMN 151.

- 1 Sons of God by blest adoption,
View the dead with steady eyes ;
What is sown thus in corruption,
Shall in incorruption rise.
What is sown in death's dishonor,
Shall revive to glory's light ;
What is sown in this weak manner,
Shall be rais'd in matchless might.
- 2 Earthly cavern, to thy keeping
We commit our *brother's* dust :
Keep it safely, softly sleeping,
'Till our Lord demands thy trust :
Sweetly sleep, dear saint, in Jesus,
Thou, with us, shalt wake from death :
Hold he cannot, tho' he seize us,
We his power defy by faith.

- 3 Jesus, thy rich consolations
To thy mourning people send ;
May we all, with faith and patience,
Wait for our approaching end :
Keep from courage vain or vaunted
For our change our hearts prepare ;
Give us confidence undaunted,
Cheerful hope, and godly fear.

HYMN 152. 7's & 6's.

- 1 CHRISTIANS, view this solemn scene,
And, if your souls be sad,
Look beyond the cloud between,
And let your hearts be glad.
Never from your mem'ry lose
The resurrection of the just :
Death's a blessing now to those
Who in our Jesus trust.
- 2 Deep interr'd in earth's dark womb
The mould'ring body lies ;
But the Christian from the tomb
Shall soon triumphant rise.
Jesus Christ, the righteous judge,
For all his people's sins was slain :
Give the Saviour, without grudge,
The purchase of his pain.
- 3 Now the grave's a downy bed,
Embroider'd round with blood :

Say not the believer's dead;
He only rests in God,
Lord, we long to be at home,
Lay down our heads, and sleep in thee;
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
And set thy pris'ners free.

HYMN 153. L. M.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of life, who gav'st us breath,
Eternal sire, by all ador'd;
Who mak'st us conqu'rors over death,
Thro' Jesus our victorious Lord.
- 2 We give thee thanks, we sing thy praise,
For calling thus thy children home,
And short'ning tribulation days,
To hide them in the peaceful tomb.
- 3 Jesus, confiding in thy name.
Thou King of saints, thy body's head,
We give to earth the breathless frame
Rememb'ring thou thyself wast dead.
- 4 Thine was a bitter death indeed,
Thou harmless suff'ring Lamb of God:
Thou hast from hell thy people freed,
And drown'd destruction in thy blood.

HYMN 154. C. M.

The Resurrection. 2 Hymns.

- 1 THE praise of Christ, ye Christians, sound,
His mighty act be told :
Death has receiv'd a deadly wound,
He takes but cannot hold.
- 2 Clipt are the greedy vulture's claws,
No more we dread his pow'r :
He gapes with adamantine jaws,
And grins, but can't devour.
- 3 Believers in these darksome graves
Shall start, to light restor'd ;
Forsake their monumental caves,
And mount to meet the Lord.
- 4 Not in ground the dying grain
Is hid. or lies forlorn ;
But soon revives, and springs again,
And comes to standing corn.
- 5 So, waking from the womb of earth,
Where Christ has lain before,
And bursting to a better birth,
We rise to die no more.
- 6 The wicked too shall rise again ;
The diff'rence will be this :
They rise to everlasting pain,
And saints to endless bliss.

HYMN 155. 7's.

- 1 PLEAS'D we read, in sacred story,
How our Lord resum'd his breath :
Where, O grave's thy conqu'ring glory?
Where's thy sting, thou phantom, death?
Soon thy jaws, restrain'd from chewing,
Must disgorge their ransom'd prey :
Man first gave thee pow'r to ruin—
Man, too, takes that power away.
- 2 I am *Alpha*, says the Saviour,
I *Omega*, likewise am :
I was dead and live forever,
God Almighty and the Lamb.
In the Lord is our perfection,
And in him our boast we'll make :
We shall share his resurrection,
If we of his death partake.
- 3 Ye that die without repentance,
Ye must rise, when Christ appears ;
Rise to hear your dreadful sentence,
While the saints rejoice in theirs.
You to dwell with fiends infernal,
They with Jesus Christ to reign :
They go into life eternal,
You to everlasting pain.
- 4 Bold rebellion, base blacksliding,
Stop your course, reflect with dread,
In destruction there's no hiding ;
Death and hell give up their dead,
Ev'ry sea, and lake, and river,

Shall restore their dead to view :
Shout for gladness, O beliver,
Christ is ris'n and so shall you.

HYMN 156. L. M.

The Day of Judgment. 3 Hymns.

- 1 AWAKE, ye sleeping souls, awake,
And hear the God of Isra'l speak ;
His word is faithful, firm, and true,
Sinners, attend, he speaks to you.
- 2 Mercy and vengeance in me dwell,
One lifts to heaven, one casts to hell ;
My favor's more than life, my wrath
Will burn beyond the bounds of death.
- 3 Short is the space, and death must come,
And after death the day of doom :
When quick and dead the Judge shall call,
And deal their due deserts to all.
- 4 Fixt in everlasting state,
Could men repent, 'twere then too late :
Justice has bolted mercy's door,
And God's long suff'ring is no more.
- 5 'Tis now the gospel message sent
Commands repentance, now repent,
Wisely be warn'd to refuge run,
Obey the Father, kiss the Son.

- 6 In Christ receive the gift of God,
Complete redemption tho' his blood :
Mercy triumphant, sin forgiv'n,
And everlasting life in heaven.

HYMN 157. S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD! with awful pomp,
The Judge prepares to come,
Th' archangel sounds the dreadful trump,
And wakes the gen'ral doom.
- 2 Nature, in wild amaze,
Her dissolution mourns ;
Blushes of blood the moon deface,
The sun to darkness turns.
- 3 The living look with dread ;
The frightened dead arise—
Start from the monumental bed,
And lift their ghastly eyes.
- 4 Horrors all hearts appal ;
They quake, they shriek, they cry ;
Bid rocks and montains on them fall,
But rocks and mountains fly.
- 5 Ye wilful wanton fools,
Let danger make you wise ;
Carnal professors, careless souls,
Unclose your lazy eyes.

- 6 'Tis time we all awake ;
The dreadful day draws near :
Sinners, your proud presumption check.
And stop your wild career.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time ;
To Christ for mercy fly :
O turn, repent, and trust in him,
And you shall never die.
- 8 Great God, in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day :
Help us in Jesus to believe,
To watch, and wait, and pray.

HYMN 158. C. M.

- 1 SINNER, that slumb'rest on the brink
Of hell's devouring lake,
O think on death, on judgment think ;
What mean'st thou sleeper ? Wake.
- 2 Soon shall the Lord himself descend,
The clouds before him driv'n :
A sudden shout the earth shall rend.
And shake the powers of heaven.
- 3 Myriads of angels bright shall wait,
His orders to obey ;
And ransom'd saints triumphant meet,
As bright and blest as *they*.

- 4 The King shall send his summons forth,
His messenger shall speed,
From east and west, from south and north,
To cite the quick and dead.
- 5 But, ah ! what pale, what ghastly looks !
When guilty wretches come,
To hear from God's unerring books,
Their just tho' dreadful doom !
- 6 Convinc'd of ev'ry wanton word,
Of ev'ry daring sin,
Of speeches hard against the Lord,
And thoughts and acts unclean.
- 7 Save us, O Jesus, by thy death,
And cleanse us in thy blood :
Give us to live and die in faith,
And wait the trump of God.

HYMN 159. C. M.

Heaven.

- 1 Ye souls that trust in Christ rejoice,
Your sins are all forgiv'n :
Let ev'ry Christian lift his voice,
And sing the joys of heaven.
- 2 Heaven, is that holy happy place,
Where sin no more defiles ;
Where God unveils his blissful face,
And looks, and loves, and smiles.

- 3 Where Jesus, son of man and God,
Triumphant from his wars,
Walks in rich garments dipt in blood,
And shews his glorious scars.
- 4 Where ransom'd sinners sound God's praise
Th' angelic host among ;
Sing the rich wonders of his grace,
And Jesus leads the song.
- 5 Where saints are free from ev'ry load
Of passions, or of pains :
God dwells in them, and they in God,
And love for ever reigns.
- 6 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor can the heart conceive,
All that the blood of Christ procur'd,
Or all that God can give.
- 7 Lord as thou shew'st thy glory there,
Make known thy grace to us :
And heaven will not be wanting here,
While we can hymn thee thus.
- 8 Jesus our dear Redeemer died,
That we might be forgiv'n ;
Rose, that we might be justified,
And sends the Spir't from heaven.

HYMN 160. L. M.

Good Works. 3 Hymns.

- 1 IN vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death,
When they indulge some sinful view
In all they say, and all they do.
- 2 The true believer fears the Lord,
Obeys his precepts keeps his word;
Commits his works to God alone,
And seeks *his* will before his own.
- 3 A barren tree that bears no fruit,
Brings no great glory to its root:
When on the boughs rich fruit we see,
'Tis then we cry, "*A goodly tree!*"
- 4 Never did men by faith divine
To selfishness or sloth incline;
The Christian works with all his power,
And grieves that he can work no more.

HYMN 161. C. M.

- 1 WHEN filthy passions or unjust
Professors minds control;
When men give up the reins to lust,
And int'rest sways the whole:
- 2 Or when they seek themselves to please,
Decline each thorny road,

Indulge their sloth, consult their ease,
And slight the fear of God :

- 3 The faith is vain such men profess,
It comes not from above ;
The righteous man does righteousness,
And true faith works by love.
- 4 Men's actions with their minds will suit,
By them the heart is view'd :
A tree that bears corrupted fruit
Cannot be called good.
- 5 The Christian seeks his brother's good,
Sometimes beyond his own ;
Or if self-int'rest will intrude,
It does not reign alone.
- 6 Help us dear Lord to honor thee ;
Let our good works abound :
Thou art that green, that fruitful tree,
From thee our fruit is found.

HYMN 162. S. M.

- 1 VAIN man, to boast forbear
The knowledge in thy head :
The sacred scriptures this declare,
Faith without works is dead.
- 2 When Christ the judge shall come,
'To render each his due ;

He'll deal thy deeds their righteous doom,
And set thy works in view.

3 Food to the hungry give ;
Give to the thirsty drink :
To follow Christ is to *believe* :
Dead faith is but to *think*.

4 The man that loves the Lord
Will mind whate'er he bid :
Will pay regard to all his word,
And do as Jesus did.

5 The dead professor counts
Good works as legal ties :
His faith to action seldom mounts ;
On doctrine he relies.

6 But words engender strife ;
Behold the gospel plan :
Trust in the Lord alone for life,
And do what good you can.

HYMN 163. C. M.

Repentance. 2 Hymns.

1 WHAT various ways do men invent
To give the conscience ease :
Some say, believe, and some, repent,
And some say, strive to please.

- 2 But, brethren, Christ, and Christ alone
Can rightly do the thing:
Nor ever can the way be known,
'Till he salvation bring.
- 3 What mean the men that say, believe,
And let repentance go?
What comfort can the soul receive
That never felt its woe?
- 4 Christ says, "That I might sinners call
"To penitence I'm sent:"
And, "Likewise ye shall perish all,
"Except ye do repent."
- 5 Those who are call'd by grace divine
Believe, but not alone:
Repentance to their faith they join,
And so go safely on.
- 6 But should repentance, or should faith,
Should both deficient seem;
Jesus gives both (the scripture saith)
Then ask them both of him.

HYMN 164. C. M.

- 1 REPENTANCE is a gift bestow'd,
To save a soul from death:
Gospel repentance towards God
Is always join'd to faith.

- 2 Not for an hour, a day, a week,
Do saints repentance own ;
But all the time the Lord they feel ;
At sin they grieve and groan.
- 3 Nor is it such a dismal thing,
As 'tis by some men nam'd :
A sinner may repent and sing,
Rejoice and be asham'd.
- 4 'Tis not the fear of hell alone,
For that may prove extreme ;
Repenting saints the Saviour own,
And grieve for grieving him.
- 5 If penitence be quite left out,
Religion is but halt ;
And hope, tho' e'er so clear of doubt,
Like off'rings without salt.

HYMN 165. 7's & 6's.

Christ is Holy. 2 Hymns.

- 1 JESUS, Lord of life and peace,
To thee we lift our voice ;
Teach us at thy holiness
To tremble and rejoice.
Sweet and terrible's thy word ;
Thou and thy word are both the same,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
We love thy holy name.

2 Burning seraphs round thy throne
Beyond all brightness bright,
Bow their bashful heads, and own
Their own diminish'd light.
Worthy thou to be ador'd,
Lord God Almighty, great I AM !
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
We love thy holy name.

3 Saints, in whom thy Spirit dwells,
Pour out their souls to thee :
Each his tale in secret tells,
And sighs to be set free :
Christ admir'd, themselves abhorr'd,
They cry with awe, delight and shame,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
We love thy holy name.

4 Men whose hearts admit no fear
At thy perfections aw'd,
Use thy name but not revere
The holy child of God :
These thy kingdom own in word :
Save us from loyalty so lame.
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
We love thy holy name.

5 Just and righteous is our King,
Glorious in holiness :
'Tho' we tremble, while we sing,

We would not wish it less.

Souls by whom the truth's explor'd
Wonders of mercy best proclaim.

Holy, holy, holy Lord,

We love thy holy name.

HYMN 166. C. M.

1 God is a high and holy God,

Eternally the same :

Holiness is his blest abode,

And HOLY is his name.

2 The holy Father, holy Ghost,

Man readily will own ;

But 'tis a blessing few can boast,

To know the holy Son.

3 With hearts of flint, and fronts of brass,

Some talk of Christ their head ;

And make the living Lord, alas !

Companion with the dead.

4 Familiar freedom, luscious names,

To Christ some fondly use :

Visions of wonder, flashy frames,

Are others utmost views.

5 By things like these men often run

To this, or that extreme ;

But that man truly knows the Son :

Who loves to live like him.

- 6 Lord, help us, by thy mighty pow'r
To gain our constant view;
Which is, that we may know thee more,
And more resemble too.

HYMN 167. L. M.

The stony Heart.

- 1 OH! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away,
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rent, the earth can quake
The seas can roar, the mountains shake:
Of feeling all things shew some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing tho't!) which devils fear,
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

HYMN 168. C. M. D.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, &c.

Revelation v. 12.

- 1 We sing thy praise, exalted Lamb,
 Who sitt'st upon the throne :
 'Ten thousand blessings on thy name,
 Who worthy art alone.
 Thy bruised broken body bore
 Our sins upon the tree ;
 And now thou liv'st for evermore—
 And now we live thro' thee.

Hab

- 2 Poor sinners, sing the Lamb that died :
 (What theme can sound so sweet ?)
 His drooping head, his streaming side,
 His pierced hands and feet ;
 With all that scene of suff'ring love,
 Which faith presents to view :
 For now he lives and reigns above,
 And lives and reigns for you.
- 3 Was ever grace, Lord, rich as thine ?
 Can aught be with it nam'd :
 What powerful beams of love divine
 Thy tender heart inflam'd !
 Ye angels, hymn his glorious name,
 Who lov'd and conquer'd thus :
 And we will likewise laud the Lamb ;
 For he was slain for us.

HYMN 169. 6's & 8's.

Set your Affections on Things above. Col. iii. 2.

- 1 COME raise your thankful voice,
Ye souls redeem'd with blood;
Leave earth and all its toys,
And mix no more with mud.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd
Redem'd, with Jesus' blood redeem'd.
- 2 Christians are priests and kings,
All born of heavenly birth:
Then think on nobler things,
And grovel not in earth.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd
Redeem'd, with Jesus' blood redeem'd.
- 3 With heart, and soul, and mind,
Exalt redeeming love:
Leave earthly cares behind,
And set your minds above.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jesus' blood redeem'd.
- 4 Lift up your ravish'd eyes,
And view the glory given:
All lower things despise,
Ye citizens of heaven.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd
Redeem'd, with Jesus' blood redeem'd

- 5 Be to this world as dead,
 Alive to that to come :
 Our life in Christ is hid,
 Who soon shall call us home.
 Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
 Redeem'd, with Jesus' blood redeem'd.

HYMN 170. L. M.

Backsliders. 3 Hymns.

- 1 BACKSLIDING souls, return to God—
 Your faithful God is gracious still,
 Leave the false way ye long have trod,
 And he will all backslidings heal.
- 2 Your first espousals call to mind,
 'Tis time ye should be now reclaim'd.
 What fruit could ever christians find,
 In things whereof they're now asham'd.
- 3 The indignation of the Lord
 A while endure, for 'tis your due :
 But firm and stedfast stands his word ;
 Tho' you are faithless, he is true.
- 4 Poor famish'd prodigal come home,
 Thy Father's house is open yet :
 Much greater mercy bids thee come
 Than all thy sins, tho' these are great.
- 5 The blood of Christ (a precious blood !)
 Cleanses from all sin (doubt it not)

And reconciles the soul to God,
From ev'ry folly, ev'ry fault.

HYMN 171. C. M.

- 1 DESERTERS to the camp return,
Resume your former post :
Bewail your crimes, your baseness mourn,
For yet ye are not lost.
- 2 Yours is a sad, a dang'rous case,
Be humble and repent :
Mercy you'll find, tho' e'er so base,
The moment you relent.
- 3 Sinners are sav'd by Jesus' blood,
How vile soe'er they be :
Eternal life's the gift of God,
And gift's are always free.
- 4 Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which any man has done ;
But God has sent his Son to bless—
Return and kiss the Son.

HYMN 172. C. M.

- 1 FROM pois'nous errors, pleasing cheats,
And gilded baits of sin,
Which, swallow'd as delicious meats,
Infect and rot within ;

- 2 Lord, pardon a backslider base
 Returning from the dead,
 Asham'd to shew his shameful face,
 Or lift his guilty head.
- 3 Ah ! what a fool have I been made,
 Or rather made myself !
 That mariner's mad part I play'd,
 That sees, yet strikes the shelf.
- 4 How weak must be this wicked heart,
 Which, boasting much to know,
 Made light of all thy bitter smart ;
 And wanton'd with thy woe !
- 5 Monstrous ingratitude, I own,
 Well worthy wrath divine !
 Can blood such horrid crimes atone ?
 Yes, blood so rich as thine.
- 6 Then since thy mercy makes me melt,
 My baseaess I deplore :
 Regard the grief and shame I've felt,
 And daily make them more.

HYMN 173. C. M.

Baptism. 3 Hymns.

- 1 FATHER of heav'n, we thee address,
 (Obedience is our view)
 Accept us in thy Son and bless,
 The work we have to do.

- 2 Jesus, as water well applied,
Will make the body clean ;
So in the fountain of thy side
Wash thou the soul from sin.
- 3 Celestial Dove descend on high,
And on the water brood ;
And with thy quick'ning power apply
The water and the blood.
- 4 Great God, Three-One, again we call,
And our requests renew :
Accept in Christ, and bless withal
The work we've now to do.

HYMN 174. L. M.

At Dismission. 5 Hymns.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word,
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood,
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN 175. S. M.

- 1 ONCE more, before we part,
Well bless the Saviour's name ;

Record his mercies, ev'ry heart,
Sing, ev'ry tongue, the same.

- 2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow:
Go on to seek to know the Lord,
And practise what you know.

HYMN 176. C. M.

- 1 LORD, help us on thy word to feed,
In peace dismiss us hence;
Be thou, in ev'ry time of need,
Our refuge and defence.
- 2 We now desire to bless thy name,
And in our hearts record,
And with our thankful tongues proclaim,
The goodness of the Lord.

HYMN 177. 7's & 6's.

GUARDIAN of thy helpless sheep,
Jesus, Almighty Lord,
Help our heedful hearts to keep
The treasure of thy word.
Let not Satan steal what's sown,
Bid it bring forth precious fruit,
Thou canst soften hearts of stone,
And make thy word take root.

HYMN 178. 7's & 6's.

FATHER, ere we hence depart,
Send thy good Spirit down,
To reside in ev'ry heart,
And bless the seed that's sown.
Fountain of eternal love,
Thou freely gav'st thy Son to die ;
Send thy Spirit from above
To quicken and apply.

DOXOLOGIES.

HYMN 1. C. M.

O PRAISE the Lord, ye heav'nly host,
The same on earth be done.
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The great, the good Three-One.

HYMN 2. L. M.

To the great Godhead, Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory, praise, and honor given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

HYMN 6.

HYMN 3. S. M.

WITH all the heav'nly host,
 Let Christians join to laud
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Our Saviour and our God.

HYMN 4. 5's.

GIVE glory to God,
 Ye children of men.
 And publish abroad
 Again and again
 The Son's glorious merit,
 The Father's free grace,
 The gifts of the Spirit,
 To Adam's lost race.

HYMN 5. 7's.

GLORY to th' Eternal be,
 Three in One, and One in 'Three,
 God that pitied sinners lost,
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 6. C. M. D.

WE laud thy name, Almighty Lord,
 The Father of all grace :
 We laud thy name, Incarnate Word,
 Who sav'dst a sinful race :
 We laud thy name, blest Spir't of 'Truth,
 Who dost salvation seal :
 Incline the heart, unlose the mouth,
 And sanctify the will.

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Good and
happy

